# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## RAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sweeping down, gracefully down,
Out of the clouds sombre and brown,
Robing the world with an emerald gown,
Comes the beautiful rain—
Sweeping o'er forest and field and town,
Dancing, frolicking rain.

Singing lovingly round the trees,
Forming of mist quaint images,
Scattered all, as the wanton breeze
Rushes in amain—
Hiding in waves of rolling seas—
Fleeting, fanciful rain.

Twirling sparklingly, laughingly falls,
Dripping in palaces, huts and halls,
Leaping the loftiest city walls,
Sweeping down on the plain—
Drifting in sheets and shooting in balls—
Capricious, whimsical rain.

Through the forest and over the ground
The frozen drops chase the dead leaves round,
Heaping them up in a grave-like mound,
When north winds blow amain—
Falling down with a mournful sound—
Moodily rains the rain.

Cold and shivering, frozen and bleak,
Sweeping the woods in an elfish freak,
Swirling around the mountain peak,
Dashing down on the plain—
Drowning itself in the icy creek—
Wild and reckless rain.

On a golden mist melting away
Into the blue of a spring-time day,
When the sunlight is out at play
With flowers and waving grain—
Into Heaven in a shining spray
Floats the beautiful rain.

*Carthage, N. Y.* AUGUSTUS SMITH.

CAPTURING WILD ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON.

[See Article on Sixth Page.]

## The Infernal Quadrilles.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BEATRICE COLONNA.

Do you remember that exquisite word painting of John Keats, poet and martyr, where he describes fair Madeline as, kneeling before the painted window, she repeats her evening prayer?

"Rose tints fell on her hands together pressed,
Upon her silver cross soft Amethyst,
And 'round her head a glory like a saint's."

I thought of this as I sat in the boudoir of the Countess de Bois-Ramilly, Rue de L——, Paris. Over the soft silver paper and hangings of pale blue silk, the many tinted light streamed through a stained-glass window, and threw a deep scarlet stain upon the lovely hand which held out a costly carcanet for my inspection. It is strange what trifles will suggest a deep train of thought, and, with my eyes still fixed upon those pearly fingers, I took the jewels in my own, and, while turning them to the light, began to speculate upon certain reports which I had heard respecting the past of this bewitching Frenchwoman.

An Englishman, fabulously rich, and only twenty-one, directly upon my emancipation from the control of my guardians, I had hurried to Paris to add my crop to the wild oats already sown in that flourishing field. Carrying letters of introduction to some of the leaders in the fashionable world, I had been specially initiated into the mysteries of Parisian society. One day, while lounging on the Boulevards with the Compte de Neuilly, a light carriage whirled rapidly by us, giving me a glimpse of a perfectly angelic head. Neuilly bowed, there was a flash of pearls against coral, a rainbow-like impression of glittering hair, and sapphires shining out of sea-foam;—and a cloud of dust was all that remained of my vision.

"Who was that?" I asked breathlessly.

"That! why that was Bois-Ramilly. Is it possible that you do not know her?" said Neuilly, actually astonished out of his usual drawl into acutely syllabled French. "Then, my dear fellow, you are altogether out of the fashion, and, as you might as well be out of the world, I will introduce you if you desire it."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I replied with sincerity, for I had been long enough from England to tire of the predominate swarthiness of the French complexion, and long for the snow and fire of the pure Saxon blood.

"I do not understand," said Neuilly languidly, caressing his moustache with his lilac-gloved fingers, "how you have not chanced to encounter the Bois-Ramilly."

"Is she an actress?" I eagerly inquired.

"An actress!" and Neuilly's splendid eyes extended to twice their usual size. "She is of the purest blood in France, and a lineal descendant of the beautiful Brinvilliers. Her ancestress amused herself by thinning the population by means of arsenic and strychnine. Bois-Ramilly simply employs her seductive glances, her lovely hands and arms, in fine, the whole magazine of her charms, engines as potent as the potions administered by the famous marchioness. She is as wily as a serpent, as bewildering as the hasheesh-dreams of the Orientals."

"Do you speak from experience?" I inquired.

"Yes, I was once entangled by her. She played with my heart for one whole season, to the rage and despair of a crowd of adorers."

"And then?"

"Why then, a new star dawned on the horizon, and I was extinguished."

"You do not appear to have suffered much," I remarked.

"To tell the truth, it takes a great deal to break a Frenchman's heart," said Neuilly with charming frankness. "But there were others who did not have the recuperative power which I possess. Poor Evremond was killed in a duel for her sake. D'Autiffe blew his brains out in his country-house at Auteuil, and Lance Redmond, a countryman of yours, ponlarded himself under her window."

"Lance Redmond! he was my first cousin, and the best fellow in the United Kingdoms. The shock killed his wretched mother."

"Ah, ha! I did not think that I was making these revelations to a kinsman of Redmond. He was like Bayard, without fear and without reproach. Magnificent too, so straight, and clean-limbed as a runner in the olympic games. If the countess had have been a man I would have called her out on his account, for I knew him well. By-the-way if your hair was a shade darker, your face a degree paler, with the addition of a heavy moustache, you would look very like your cousin."

"We were said to resemble each other," was my reply, as, at Neuilly's suggestion, we entered a noted cafe.

We had seated ourselves and called for some wine, when I heard a voice behind us say, "The devil is again in Paris."

"Has he ever been absent?" inquired another voice, singularly sweet and deep toned.

"Ah! Beelzebub is generally at hand, but I refer more particularly to madame his wife."

This conceit caused a roar of laughter.

"And who is she?" asked the beautiful voice which had before spoken.

"Bois-Ramilly," was the reply.

I heard a sharp crash, a smothered oath, and the wine ran over the table, and down upon the floor. I looked around with a start. A young man, richly dressed, with fiery blue eyes, and blonde hair delicately curled and perfumed, was standing by one of the tables with clenched hands, and actually foaming at the mouth. "I would give the remainder of my existence to be permitted to crush that woman as I would an adder," he hissed between his teeth.

"It is Evremond's twin-brother," whispered Neuilly in my ear. "Do you still wish to try your fate?"

"Yes," was my brief reply. Arm-in-arm we sauntered off to the Rue de L——, where we sent up our cards by a servant, were admitted, and that is the way that I chance to be sitting in the boudoir of the Countess de Bois-Ramilly.

"Well, what do you think of my taste?" she says sharply, for I have not spoken for the space of five minutes, and this ranks with her ladyship as gross inattention.

There is to be a grand fancy dress ball at the chateau of the Duchess de Casse-Marrec, and the Countess de Bois-Ramilly personates Fire. The carcanet, composed of large rubies, set in golden flames, is to be worn in her costume.

"I think it is as exquisite as yourself," I reply, and, bending forward, fling the necklace over her white neck, where it glows and sparkles, emulating the velvet crimson of her full curved lips, and the deep coloring of her oval cheek. Again I think of Keats's lines, as I look at her sitting in the vari-colored light, with glittering teeth, and eyes and hair, and the gleaming gems on her ivory neck; but she now suggests Lamia.

"I am half inclined to claim that central gem which supports the pendants, as a family jewel," I said to Madame de Bois-Ramilly.

"That," said the countess, sliding the necklace through her white fingers, "was a gage d'amour from a young Englishman, Monsieur Redmond. Do you see that dark stain upon it? It adds immensely to its value. Ah! how well I remember when he gave that to me. We were walking in the grounds of Pere-la-Chaise. An odd place, was it not? But you English are so sentimental."

"And where is he now?" I asked, almost involuntarily.

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "Ah, bah! I am not acquainted with his present place of residence. I will refer you, however, to Messieurs D'Autiffe and D'Evremond, whom he was said to have followed, and who left me their P. P. C. cards to this effect," and the beautiful fiend extended her left hand, upon which shone two magnificent diamonds set in enamelled circlets.

Again the tinted panes cast their scarlet stain upon her hand, and the diamonds became flame.

"Do you see, madame, your hand is covered with blood?"

Notwithstanding her sang-froid, the countess became slightly pale, and passed one hand over the other, as if she were washing them.

"It is gone," she said, looking up with a smile.

"You mean it is not visible," I replied, with meaning.

The countess frowned almost imperceptibly. "Monsieur Percival," she said, "you are very gay, witty, and agreeable, but you do not yet comprehend the niceties of the French language. Let us dismiss the subject, and speak of the Infernal Quadrilles."

"The Infernal Quadrilles!"

"Yes, monsieur, is it possible that you know nothing of them? Yet Satan is your very particular friend."

"You puzzle me, madame."

"I will explain, then. It is Monsieur de Neuilly who is to enact the part of his Infernal Majesty in the quadrilles of next Tuesday evening."

"At the Hotel de Casse-Marrec? Pardon my stupidity, I never recollect perfectly. You dance in them, do you not?"

"Yes, will they not be effective?"

"Superb."

"You are acquainted with the music, I believe?"

"It is new, but I have heard it repeatedly—it is infinitely diabolical."

"Entre-nous, I believe the composer must have visited the abyss, and transcribed from memory. Ah! here is that tiresome Celeste with my costume. Will you excuse me, monsieur?"

"Madame, I kiss your hand."

"You may return in an hour—au revoir, monsieur?"

In the saloon below was Neuilly.

"I was looking for you," he said.

"Very well, I am at your service, and now—"

"Has the countess spoken to you of the Infernal Quadrilles?"

"She has—but what——"

"Come with me—I wish to see you alone—I have an idea."

Neuilly's ideas were always excellent—they were also abundant. We spent the hour which the countess had named as the period of my exile in elaborating this one. I then returned alone.

I entered unannounced, and found the countess standing in the centre of the room, white with anger, except two dark red spots upon either cheek, her beautiful hair dishevelled, her brows contracted, her eyes flaming. The girl Celeste was cowering before her, her face like ashes, with the red mark of a hand upon her swollen cheek, the whole outline rising distinctly in a livid welt.

No description can give any idea of the change in the countess's manner when she saw me standing in the door. She advanced to meet me with her usual winning smile, her complexion restored to its delicate coloring—her eyes softly radiant, her pale lips again crimson and dewy.

"Well returned, monsieur," she said, giving me one hand, while she motioned with the other to Celeste, who slunk out of the room.

Devil as I knew she was, such was the fascination of her every look and motion, that I could not avoid kissing her little hand—that hand which I had seen stamped on the cheek of her attendant—that hand which was indelibly stained with the blood of three human lives—that hand so perfectly formed, so delicately tinted, perfumed, and blazing with jewels.

"Sir," she said, placing the other hand above it, "I have met with a loss."

"The diamonds of Messieurs D'Autiffe and D'Evremond?"

"How well you remember names; and this also"—and she displayed her carcanet, ravished of its central jewel, the gold around having the appearance of having been fused with fire.

"How did this chance?" I inquired.

"That is the mystery—I do not know—no one knows."

"Have you questioned your attendant?"

The countess blushed.

"She denied all knowledge of the fact."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Messieurs D'Autiffe, D'Evremond and Redmond have reclaimed their treasures."

The countess's hand grew like ice in my grasp, and her complexion faded to a grayish tint, as she gasped with white lips,

"My God! I had not thought of that!"

This careless, skeptical mind, scarcely conscious of its Creator, entirely unmindful of the awful duties it owed to Him and its fellows, blind to the frightful ruin to which it was hastening, deaf to every appeal of conscience and religion, was shaken to its centre by superstitious dread, and Madame de Bois-Ramilly would have fallen insensible to the floor, if I had not caught her in my arms. Much as she deserved this, yet she was a woman, and I had struck a cowardly blow.

I ran to an etagere covered with bottles and flacons of every shape and size, and poured over her cologne, extract bouquet and attar, until "the two blue windows of her eyes she faintly then upheaveth."

I rang the bell for some water, and kneeling by the side of Madame de Bois-Ramilly, implored her forgiveness for causing her so much suffering.

"It is nothing, Philippe," she said faintly, "but I think you mean to stifle me with these perfumes."

I threw open a window, as Celeste came in bringing a goblet.

"Some eau-sucree for madame," she said, placing it in my hand, without lifting her eyes.

I carried it to the countess, who beckoned Celeste to approach her, which she did in a hesitating manner.

"Sit down," she said, pointing to a cushion at her side."

Celeste obeyed, becoming livid as she did so.

"My child," said the countess, with one of her vivid smiles, "I was cruel to you a short time since—I now desire you to forgive me, and in token of it, share with me this beverage, which you so kindly have prepared."

The girl hung her head with evident signs of fear.

"Come," said the countess, with a still sweeter smile, "drink it all, then, for I know that you are very fond of it. See, I insist upon it."

Celeste took the goblet from her mistress's hand, and touched her lips to it, and spilled half of it upon the floor.

"Oh! there is now not enough to harm you. Drink quickly."

The girl swallowed that which remained in the goblet, and with a loud cry, rushed from the room.

"Now, Philippe," said the countess, sinking back upon her cushions, "bring me my jewel-casket, and assist me in making a selection for my evening-toilette.

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The street before the Hotel Casse-Marrec was blocked with carriages, when I and my three companions ran up the steps of the grand entrance, and having been admitted, were shown to the apartment reserved for us until our debut in the Infernal Quadrilles. Having removed his cloak, Neuilly appeared as Satan, wearing a complete dress of scarlet satin, slashed with black. One of his well-formed limbs terminated in the inevitable hoof, the other rested on an elegant foot, slender and arched as an Arab's. The black hair escaped in thick curls from under a small scarlet cap, in which were placed two long, slender feathers, curved, and pointed forward like horns. His eye-brows and moustache were judiciously raised at the corners, and around his eyes he had introduced pieces of red tinsel, which gave the effect of coals of fire. Lastly, he carried, gracefully coiled around his left arm, that appendage which his Satanic Majesty is supposed to possess in common with the rest of the monkey-tribe.

The three others, including myself, represented the impish attendants of the Prince of Darkness, and wore tight fitting suits of black satin, were hooved and horned, had black masks with tinsel around the eyes, and bore over our arms the same appendage which graced our leader's person.

A short time had elapsed when an attendant ushered in our partners in the quadrilles, accompanied by our noble and elegant hostess.

The three young ladies selected for our partners were sisters, remarkable for the grace and lightness of their forms and their unexceptionable feet and ankles. They wore dresses of scarlet satin, terminating just above the ankle, where they were met by hose and slippers of the same material—the latter being fastened by large buckles of diamonds and rubies combined. Their long black hair was bound with coronets of gold, woven in slender filaments and tipped with diamonds, and waving with every motion not inaptly represented flame.

In her right hand each carried a small silver pitchfork.

There was a suppressed exclamation when the Countess de Bois-Ramilly entered, habited as Fire. She wore a dress of flame-colored silk, covered with silver gauze. Her magnificent golden hair floated over her shoulders, and was bound by a coronet of rubies, set clear and surmounted by feathery golden filaments, tipped with diamonds. Around her neck was the carcanet, the lost ruby having been replaced. She seemed the very essence and soul of fire, and under her transparent skin the blood rose and fell in waves with every flitting emotion.

"The band are about to play the Infernal Quadrilles," said the duchess, gracefully saluting us. "Will you descend?"

The overture to Robert the Devil was being played as we passed down the stairs, and when we entered the saloon we were greeted by loud acclamations.

We found ourselves upon the floor, and the quadrilles opened with that peculiarly light and joyous movement which characterises the first part, called "La descrute de la Courtille," and which is untranslatable.

Neuilly danced with a grace and suppleness altogether diabolical, the countess floated like a mist-wreath, and the demoiselles Josephine, Marie and Louise de Landes moved with etherial lightness.

Then followed the "Arrival in the Abyss," and Lucifer welcomed his guests with superb dignity, and in the gallantries of Lucifer he indulged in terpsichorean flirtation worthy of Mephistopheles. There is a pause before the "Devil's Feast" is played, and four beautiful boys, wearing the duchess's livery, bring in silver baskets piled with fruit of every description. At a sign from Neuilly we each of us assist ourselves to a portion of it. Neuilly takes a bunch of grapes, golden chasselas—pale and lucent, like pearls

filled with champagne. The countess's slender fingers hold a luscious pineapple, the demoiselles de Landes choose sunny-cheeked peaches, and I and my companions content ourselves with melons, which might have grown on the banks of the Arno.

The dance began, and after several bewildering evolutions, Neuilly raised his hands above his head.

We imitated this movement, and, crushing the fruit in our hands, a shower of glittering fireworks hissed and sparkled above our heads.

Again the music plunged madly into the "Infernal Galop," and, still showering the fireworks around us, we lent our voices to a strain as clear and defiant as the infernal trumpets when they challenged the arch-angel.

When we paused the countess was left standing, the centre of a circle formed by Neuilly and his impish attendants, one of whom now approached her, and taking her left hand placed a diamond ring upon her forefinger; a second followed, and I completed the trio by adding a ruby to the other gems.

The countess looked from one to the other, and laughed scornfully.

"Ma foi, gentlemen, I have discovered the purloiners of my jewels, after having unjustly accused that poor Celeste; and permit me to add, that this is a sorry jest and poorly acted."

There was no reply to this, and those who had crowded around us and witnessed this unexpected scene, gazed in breathless silence.

At length a single note burst from a clarionet, like a great sob, and the band played the air where Lucrezia Borgia surprises Gennaro and his companions, after having poisoned their wine. I saw the countess turn sharply around; the demon beside her had removed his mask, and disclosed a skull frightfully shattered but looking at us with human eyes from out of its fleshless orbits. The countess recoiled, and the other demon dropping his mask showed the fair face of Evremond surrounded by its perfumed hair, and smiling as he tore open his vest, displaying a red wound right above the heart.

"It is your turn, Redmond," said Neuilly to me.

"I cannot," I replied, retreating a step; but Neuilly snatched off my mask, and the countess, turning her eyes slowly from one to the other, said "one, two, three."

The last word came from her lips in a scream—a scream so terrible that it seemed to freeze my heart—a scream like that of a lost soul, when Heaven is closed against it forever.

Then she was silent.

This silence was awful.

It was not only silence, it was utter immobility.

She did not seem to breathe, but stood with her eyes fixed, her head drooped, and her hands hanging by her side.

Then she was gone.

So lightning like was her movement that it seemed as if there was but one flash of her gleaming robes, and she had disappeared from the saloon.

I made a movement to follow her, when Neuilly laid his hand on my arm:

"You will not follow her."

"And why? Where has she gone?"

"To hell, perhaps," said Neuilly, shrugging his shoulders.

I shook off his hand indignantly, and ran out into the street. I heard a shout, and sprang forward in terror. Here was a beautiful, unprotected woman, in the streets of Paris after midnight. I had entirely forgotten my own extraordinary costume, until at the corner of the street I met a policeman.

The man collared me, I knocked him down, and snatching up his baton, ran furiously forward until I reached the Rue-de-L———, and the countess's apartments. Perhaps she had found her way to them. On the threshold of her boudoir I stumbled over Celeste, who was lying upon her face on the floor. I raised her—she was cold—dead. I then recollected what had occurred in the morning.

The wretched creature had, at her mistress's command, drank the poison which she had prepared for that mistress, and crawled here to die. As I laid Celeste upon the bed, I saw something move in the corner. It was Madame de Bois-Ramilly, crouched upon the ground, with her rich dress huddled around her.

When she saw me, she crawled towards me like a beautiful wounded serpent, and began tearing off the gems from her neck and arms.

"Philippe! Philippe!" she cried, "save me, oh! save me."

"These are draging me down, down, down; I cannot rise, and they are always there."

Then she snatched at her rings, and sobbed, and moaned: "Oh, they will not come off—they cling and sting, for you know it is the worm that dieth not;" and here—she beat upon her breast—"is the fire that never is quenched. One! two! three!—one! two! three!"

Madame de Bois-Ramilly was hopelessly insane. Can you wonder that I dislike the music of the Infernal Quadrilles?

### Hypochondria.

The *Memorial de la Loiris* relates the following: "Two or three days ago a respectably dressed man, of about fifty, called on a well known medical man at St. Etienne, and said:

"'I am a builder by trade, and in making my contracts am sometimes obliged to drink rather too freely. Finding myself lately indisposed in consequence of these excesses, I was obliged to apply to Mr. ——, of Caux, who had, I was told, a secret of sovereign efficacy in such cases. I followed the recommendation and took the remedy, which consisted of a white powder, done up in small packets; but instead of being cured, I find I am poisoned, and I have been told this morning that the remedy is arsenic. Yes, sir,' continued the speaker, with great violence, 'I am poisoned, and already to-day I have had one violent attack!'

"While speaking his countenance changed, his breathing became heavy, and throwing himself back in a chair he exclaimed, 'I am going to have another. I am dying—help! help!'

"The doctor went towards him and found that he was dead. The body was conveyed to the Hotel Dieu, where a *post mortem* examination proved that the man died from paralysis of the pectoral muscles, brought on by violent emotion produced by a diseased imagination. No trace of poison existed. The white powder was analysed, and turned out to be, not arsenic, but simply sugar of milk, a completely harmless substance."

☞ They are playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Chatelet, Paris, with the character of *Eva* omitted. It must be an interesting affair with that alteration—only second to the celebrated "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince omitted.


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'ER 17, 1864.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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OF

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### OUR NEW TERMS.

Our readers will perceive that we have advanced the price of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND to $2,50 a year, with lower rates to clubs.

This advance is not proportionate to the advance in the cost of getting up our paper and magazine, and therefore we hope we shall have a cheerful acquiescence in our new terms on the part of our readers.

If we thought the present high prices of paper, ink, living, &c., would continue for another year, we should scarcely feel justified in putting our new rates at so low a figure; but we think that in the course of the next six months we shall witness at least a partial decline of prices.

Of course in the event of things turning out differently from our expectation, and prices tending to a higher instead of a lower range, we shall be compelled to advance our rates still further. For our readers may be assured that we are doing the very best for them that circumstances will admit, and even better, we fear, than our present high expenses will justify.

### THE CURRENCY.

The following account, which we suppose to be correct, as we find it in the *Public Ledger* of this city, shows how the depreciation of the currency has accompanied its expansion during the past twelve months:—

"The issues of the National banks are now $43,128,350, an increase of $1,677,650 in the last week, and the printing goes on actively as well as that of the Treasury. The paper currency of the government has increased as follows:—

| | National Banks. | U. States Currency. | Total. | Price Gold |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sept. 30, | None. | $422,464,107 | $422,607,107 | 142 |
| Jan. 1, | $29,155 | 431,381,011 | 431,410,166 | 152 |
| Mar. 31, | 9,797,975 | 508,928,850 | 518,226,825 | 164 |
| July 31, | 25,323,363 | 627,831,169 | 653,306,532 | 263 |
| Aug. 30, | 43,128,350 | 644,883,214 | 688,011,564 | 257 |

"The inflation of the currency during the year has been more than 62 per cent. in volume, and the price of gold has raised in proportion. Of the circulation now being issued, a large proportion is by the National Banks, and this, so far from aiding the Treasury, tends to impoverish it. The bonds that are the security for the notes were long since bought of the Treasury to the extent of $90,000,000, and now the notes based on them are coming upon the market, inflating prices, and compelling the Treasury to pay more for every dollar's worth of supplies it purchases."

Our readers will note, however, that while the increase of the currency has been at the rate of sixty-two per cent., the rise in gold has been at the rate of over eighty per cent. A corresponding rise of gold would put it at only $2 30, which, by the way, is not very far from what it really is at the time of the present writing, September 9th.

It must also be remembered that the present large volume of paper, being principally government issues, is greatly influenced as to its value by the prospects of the Union cause. Therefore, whenever the skies look brighter, we witness a corresponding increase of the value of our paper money, as shown by the fall of gold. Now, the moment that it becomes evident to all impartial observers that the success of the Union in putting down the rebellion is no longer a matter of doubt, that moment, even with the present large volume of currency, will witness a great increase in its value, probably approximating to within thirty per cent. of the value of gold. For, not only will the ultimate redemption of the government notes be assured beyond all question, but the large revenue of the government in excess of its expenses, will enable it to withdraw yearly many millions of its notes from circulation. Besides, it probably will be the policy of the government to call in a large portion of the currency by offering loans at a low rate of interest, payable in greenbacks. For, the success of the government once assured, any amount of money could be obtained from the great European capitalists at very low rates of interest.

### A REBEL VIEW.

Do our readers wish to see what the rebels think of Gen. Grant, as compared with their own favorite leader, Lee? The Richmond correspondent of the *London Times* is doubtless good authority, and he writes as follows:

"It is impossible to resist speculating upon the question whether, after a review of the campaign of the last two months, it is reasonable to pronounce Grant a great general—to put him on the same platform as Lee. I will at once avow my own conviction, which is shared by every one worth listening to in Secessia, that not one of Grant's predecessor's in Virginia has shown one tithe of the tenacity, energy, celerity, and resolution which the recent campaign has set down to Grant's credit. McClellan, Hooker, Pope, or Burnside would have gone back after the battle of the Wilderness, and would never have got such an effort as was made at Spottsylvania Court-house out of a beaten army. But, after giving Grant due credit for vigor in handling his men, and keeping them compactly together, (which is the greatest difficulty a Federal general encounters,) I am unable to see that his conception of the campaign was able, though it must be confessed that the strange incompetency of Butler made half of Grant's plan a *fiasco* before it was commenced. Certain it is, that if in the first instance he had landed 200,000 men on the York river or James river, and had not sacrificed the bone and sinew of his army in fighting his way to the White House, which he might have reached by water without losing a man, his position now would be very different. Weeks and weeks will probably pass without amending his prospects before Petersburg. In the meantime diversions, which will distract him terribly, will be pretty sure to change the aspect of civil and military affairs in the North before September has passed. Grant is one of those sledge-hammers of war of the stamp of Suwarrow, whose spirits rise with danger, and whose courage borders upon brutality. Lee is his equal in celerity and endurance; his superior in foresight, prudence and sagacity."

In opposition to a portion of the above, certain of the rebel papers not long since made out that Grant's plan of the campaign was a very able one, and that if Hunter had not been forced back from Lynchburg, he probably would have compelled the evacuation of Richmond. They admitted Lee had had a narrow escape. But probably rebel opinions differ.

As to Lee being Grant's superior in "foresight, prudence and sagacity," that is yet to be proved. The loss of the Weldon road did not look a great deal like it. That looked very much as if Lee had been outwitted a little—the real blow coming upon his right, instead of upon his left, north of the James. Still such mistakes will happen occasionally to the best generals in the world.

### REBEL CHIVALRY.

The following is an extract from the *Richmond Examiner* of September 3rd. The *Examiner* is said to be the special organ of Jeff. Davis. Note the shameful breach of faith chronicled and applauded—and then, be you an American or an Englishman, a friend or enemy of the Union cause, we leave the verdict to you without further comment:—

RETALIATION.

"A delicious piece of retaliation was visited upon the Yankees on our lines day before yesterday. It seems that on a considerable portion of our lines in front of Petersburg there had existed a tacit truce for several days, during which the Yankees, without fear of disturbance, strolled and loafed in large numbers in front of their works. Our men received orders not to interfere with them unless Petersburg was again shelled, but in that case to open upon them, without notice, the most destructive possible fire. Thursday morning the Yankees were out in great numbers, enjoying the fine weather and the early morning air. For half an hour the Yankee batteries had been playing upon the town, knocking private houses to pieces and endangering the lives of non-combatants, but the Yankee strollers gave the matter no attention, not then believing that it could concern them in any way.

"Suddenly a tremendous volley of musketry was poured into them from our works, throwing them into a panic, and causing them to scamper back into their trenches like so many startled rats. The best of it was that they left about two hundred of their number lying dead or wounded on their recent promenade. When the shelling of the city had ceased, and quiet had been restored along the lines, it was explained to the Yankees that they had been fired into because of the barbarous conduct of their Generals in bombarding the private residences of Petersburg."

### THE POPULAR LOANS.

Up to Saturday, Sept. 3d, the subscriptions to the new 7-30 loan, offered July 28th, had reached about thirty million dollars. The 10-40s taken during the same period amount to at least five millions more. The fall of Atlanta, and the prospect of an early termination of the war, will doubtless cause these popular loans to be subscribed for more rapidly than ever before. The 7-30 notes are now ready for delivery at the Government depositaries, and by many banks and bankers.

To a CORRESPONDENT.—We know nothing more of the French chemist's mode of getting rid of the trouble of shaving than we published.

Under the head of "*Pleasure-Seeking at some Profit*," a Saratoga letter-writer records the following novel mode of paying hotel bills:

"Among the anomalies of a depreciated paper currency the following is noteworthy: There are at present at the Springs quite a number of Cubans—never before so many. They all come laden with *gold*, on which, at home, they have paid no premium. On the liquidation of their board bills they are allowed the premium, of course. The practical result is, that when a Cuban has been here a month, and feasted well, he lays down one hundred dollars in gold, and receives in return a receipted bill, with one hundred and fifty-six dollars in change! The Cubans, hence, are living gratis, and making money by it besides! Of course, they are greatly enjoying themselves at our expense."

We do not exactly "see" the above, so far as "*living gratis*" is concerned. The matter looks to us about as broad as it is long. If the Cuban's hotel bills have not risen in equal proportion to his gold, he makes, of course, by the transaction. But if he now pays for everything in proportion to the depreciation of the currency, his gain is only apparent, not real. Doubtless all foreigners do make something, as compared with the old times, for prices in general are not fully up to the gold standard, though some things are higher.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TRIAL; MORE LINKS OF THE DAISY CHAIN. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Two volumes in one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

MEMOIR OF MRS. CAROLINE P. KEITH, Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church to China. Edited by her brother, W. U. TENNEY. Published by Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—A volume of Poems, by ROBERT BROWNING. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE CLIFF CLIMBERS; or The Long Home in the Himalayas. A sequel to the "Plant Hunters." By Captain MAYNE REID. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

CHIMARA: A REPLY TO LONGFELLOW'S THEOLOGIAN; and other Poems. By ORPHOS. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE SCIENCES: to which are added Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte. By HERBERT SPENCER. A Pamphlet. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR for September 1. Few periodicals are better in their way than this, published by Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of Philada. Every publisher, library, literary man, and student should take it.

### A New Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BROOKVILLE, Sept. 8, 1864.

*Dear Editor*:—Since my last I have had much pleasure. The family with which I am staying is, I think, the most agreeable I have ever known. All seem actuated by the same motive—the happiness of others.

As each smiling face makes its appearance in the morning, kind greetings and loving inquiries after the welfare of each other are heard. Lively and interesting conversation seasons the morning meal, after which each performs his or her daily routine of duty; then follows amusements.

The Doctor undertook to instruct me in horsemanship, or rather horsewomanship, of which I soon became passionately fond. I do not mean of the Doctor, but of the exercise.

He constituted himself my medical adviser, and recommended that I should ride several miles each day in the early morning.

As I galloped by his side over the hills, the dew glistening in the first rays of the sun, the balmy air painting my cheeks, I felt that earth could afford no keener enjoyment for me, and that, indeed, "the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." The earth seemed glad, and the birds warbled their songs of praise. "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord." "His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise." Shall man, surrounded with so much beauty and gladness, and fed and sustained by Thee, be mute? "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name?"

I find, in the doctor, a most entertaining and agreeable companion, and our intimacy has ripened fast.

By the bye, Mr. Editor, we had a call from Miss Sophronisia Fairlamb a few days ago. She came to tender me the renewal of her friendship, and invite me to take up my abode under her roof again.

I thanked her, but declined, as I had made another engagement. She expressed her regret that she had not participated in our river excursion, but hoped to enjoy more of our "intelligent and refined" society in the future.

A day or two after her visit, having an attack of neuralgia in the head, I darkened the back parlor, and fell into sleep on the sofa, when I was aroused by hearing my name pronounced by a feline voice.

I found Miss Fairlamb and the Doctor were conversing in the front parlor, and finding I was the subject of their remarks, I felt justified in being a listener too, and so retained my position.

I discovered that she had asked for a private interview with him to demand an explanation of his conduct, and inquire his intentions respecting herself. She felt much aggrieved that her young affections should have been an object of sport, and attributed it all to that upstart from the city, Gerty Massy, who had wound the meshes of her net around the Doctor's heart, and drawn his allegiance from herself; she declared that she knew it to be my motive when I accepted the hospitality of the squire, and asserted that I had informed her a short time before that I was engaged to him, and intended to leave Brookville in consequence.

Imagine my feelings, Mr. Editor, if you can, on hearing such base falsehoods, and spoken to one for whom I had much respect. Would he believe it? I waited, with tingling cheeks, in breathless eagerness for the reply, and was greatly consoled when the Doctor informed Miss Fairlamb that he was a friend of Miss Massy, and it would be useless to indulge in any disparaging remarks of her to him, as he could not and would not attach a shade of truth to them; as for his intentions towards herself they were what they ever had been—those of a gentleman toward any lady of his general acquaintance; he was sorry she had placed his conduct in any other light, as his conscience did not charge him with giving her license for so doing; he hoped that her young affections had received no serious injury, and that she would soon find a more worthy object upon which to place them. He also informed her that if Dame Fortune continued to smile upon him, he hoped to be made a happy husband, before many months. I felt my heart sink at this last information. I found, alas, that I had given him too large a place in my esteem, and resolved to retrace my steps, to withdraw as much as possible from his company and harden my feelings respecting him.

When the hall door had closed upon his visitor, I retired to my room to indulge in just one little cry—that infallible resource for all women when oppressed or burdened.

The pain in my head continuing, I sought my couch early, and feeling somewhat faint the next day declined taking my usual ride. The Doctor seemed surprised and hurt at my coldness of manner and avoidance of him throughout the day, and several times attempted to draw from me the reason. I felt my esteem for him diminish considerably, at his persistence, knowing, as I did, the expected change in his relations.

He has declared his intention of leaving Brookville to-morrow, and as my departure is to take place in a few days, my next letter will be dated from my new home.

I will now bid you adieu.

Yours, &c., G. M.

### United States Bonds Abroad.

The mails by the last European steamer bring further orders, and at advancing prices, for U. S. six per cents. of the 5-20 years stocks. These orders were made before it was known on the other side that the Secretary of the Treasury had ordered the prepayment of the September, October, and November interest on our gold-bearing public debt out of his surplus customs revenue in gold. They were made in the face of the baseless insinuations of the London Times, and some of its continental informants, that doubts were entertained in New York of the ability of the Government to collect a sufficient sum in gold from our current imports to pay this interest when due! The facts that our customs in gold for the month of August were over *eighty millions*, the gold balances in the treasury at the close of the month over *sixteen millions*, and the customs for only eight months of the calendar year about *twenty-four millions* in excess of the gold interest paid and ordered to be prepaid to the close of the year, independent of four months' customs yet to come in, were not understood on the other side when the Scotia sailed, but will soon be appreciated and made to tell on the future orders for the 5-20 and other United States gold-bearing stocks. Some of our bankers express the belief that the additional advance in Europe will be three per cent. on the news of the prepayment of interest and our naval and military successes; others go as high as five per cent., and there will be a corresponding advance in this market.

DISCOURAGING CHILDREN.—It is somewhere related that a poor soldier having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it," said he, "for he always said I had no brains." How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten the statement is believed; the thought that it may be partially so, acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. We know a boy who, at the age of ten years, had become depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words. The world appeared dark around him, he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies. A single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved me." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would; and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations.

ALL ABOUT DIMPLES.—Whoever is responsible for the following should be immediately placed under restraint by his friends (if he has any), for he is a dangerous animal to be at large: "Dimples are the perpetual smiles of Nature—the very cunningest device and lurking-place of Love. When earth is dimpled by dells and valleys, it always seems to laugh; when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of Heaven. We cannot look for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of the rosy babe. Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perfectly enchanting dimples, at least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of 'sweet seventeen,' when sweet seventeen essays some arch, provoking sally, peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewitching coquetry."

Says U. S. Grant to R. E. Lee—
"Surrender Petersburg to me."
Says R. E. Lee to U. S. Grant—
"Have Petersburg? Oh no you shan't."
"I shan't?" says Grant, "oh, very well—
You say I shan't, I say I SHELL."

☞ The Orleans (N. Y.) Republican says Hon. Lorenzo Burrows discovered, one day last week, in an unoccupied store of his at Albion, a snake one foot in height in the coil of a spider's web. The snake had been drawn up from the floor about half his height, and the little spider was above working the tackle by which he intended to wholly suspend, him and that by the neck, where he had coiled his web. The snake struggled in vain to escape, and was only released by the carelessness of a man who went to see the contest, which was witnessed by hundreds of people during the day.

☞ Cultivate the physical exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity, it may be a monster. It is only by wisely training all three together that the complete man may be formed.—*Samuel Smiles.*

☞ A moral debating society out West is engaged in discussing the following question:—"If a husband deserts his wife, which is the most abandoned, the man or the woman?"

## A Highland Wedding.

The farm of Carn-eliosach is placed in the centre of the bleakest portion of the bleak island of Islay, one of the Hebrides group in Scotland. Along its shores Islay possesses considerable tracts of cultivated and productive land, but here there is little else than morass, broken by rocky eminences occasionally rising into hills. So comparatively useless are these tracts of low-lying and undrained moor, that in some places the farmer is allowed a free lease for five years of whatever he takes the trouble to reclaim.

Carn-eliosach is bounded on the north, south, east, and west by moors, and was originally part of a moor itself. A more miserable, dirty, yet picturesque, old farm-house it is impossible to conceive; built of roughly-hewn stones, with the least possible quantity of lime between, and thatched so loosely with straw that along the roof are several straw ropes to keep the house-covering from being blown off, these ropes having at their extremity a large stone by way of fastening, which pendulous and dangerous ornaments go all around the building. Inside, the chief apartment is, of course, the kitchen, divided into two portions, one end serving the purpose of a cow-house, the other containing a bed, an old wooden table, several rickety stools, and in the centre of the open space, the fire-place. Chimney there is none; a hole in the roof allows the peat smoke to escape—when the peat-smoke is so inclined.

But there is a room at Carn-eliosach—a museum! Into this small apartment are crammed the luxuries of the farm—the peacock's feather brushes, the East India shells, the engravings representing David with the head of Goliath in his hand, and Jonah being pitched into the sea; the old eight-day clock, which has long ago rusted itself into disuse in this inclement region; with all the various natural and artificial curiosities which please the fancy or gratify the wonder of these simple Highlanders. In this cabinet of treasures slept Duncan Stewart's only daughter until the day of her departure for the cold and distant Carraigh-dubh; which ceremony forms the subject of the present paper.

Helen Stewart was lithe and graceful in appearance, with a bright, intelligent face, dark blue eyes, and raven-black hair. She was to be married to the son of a small farmer in the north-western portion of the island, and the first definite information of the approaching ceremony which we received was the arrival of two large jars of whiskey, sent hither by the bridegroom's father; for, as it turned out, no marriage can be properly solemnized without being preceded by the "bottling-night,"—an evening set apart for the purpose of bringing together all the friends of the bride and bridegroom to test their respective capacities for whiskey drinking.

Towards the afternoon Duncan Stewart himself, with his three sons, Donald, John, and Colin, came in from their farm work and proceeded to prepare the kitchen. The cows were accommodated in a neighboring barn, the place cleaned out, all the stools, chairs, and forms that could be laid hold of were forthwith arranged in tiers, and a large number of glasses had been got on loan from the village of Bowmore. At night-fall the men arrived, one by one on *foot*, many of them sorely tired with a long journey after their day's labor had been finished. Gradually the seats began to be occupied, and the hum of discordant Gaelic waxed louder and stronger as friend met friend or enemy met enemy. Then began the business of the evening. Duncan Stewart brought out one of his own bottles and sent it round the company, each man filling his glass as far as the bottle went. Then Duncan, a tall, spare man, with keen, weather-beaten face, and dark piercing eyes, rose to his feet, and in a speech of nervous and disjointed Gaelic proposed the health of the bridegroom and all the bridegroom's friends. The toast was responded to by the bridegroom's father, who also made the most complimentary allusions to his son's future wife, after which they all sat down to the serious duty of drinking each other's health, which is done in this wise. Pouring out a glass of whiskey, you take it in your left hand and make your way round the tables to every man you know or recognize. You shake him by the hand, wish him "*deoch-slainte*," and toss off the liquor. Then you fill your glass and wait being so called upon in return, for no man will drink his glass until he has shaken hands with you and seen you do likewise.

Women are not supposed to honor the convivialities of this evening with their presence, but there was a loud and universal call for the beauty of Carn-eliosach, and in a few minutes there came out from the room Helen Stewart, blushing and smiling as unaffectedly as a Highland maiden always blushes and smiles. She passed along the tables and shook hands with all her friends and acquaintances. One man sprang up and attempted to kiss her: in an instant his neighbor on the other side of the narrow table felled him to the ground. A serious altercation was likely to ensue, but the respective friends of each combatant summarily seized their man by the neck, and bound him over to keep the peace in much guttural and vehement Gaelic. Helen returned to her room; the drinking went on without interruption till dawn began to steal into the apartment about four o'clock. Then the men, appearing to shake off the effects of the night's debauch in an almost miraculous manner, severally walked out and departed for their own farms, there to begin their day's work.

Three days after, and a beautiful August morning breaks over Carn-eliosach. Duncan Stewart's three stalwart sons are early up and out over the farm, setting all things to rights preparatory to the great event of the day. The old man is now at the door of the house, with his two shepherd-collies at his heels. "As mo-sheallaidh!" he cries, and in an instant the dogs have darted from him, have crossed a small stream, sprung up the bank, and are away over a clover field. Duncan's keen eye follows them as they grow less and less in the distance. "Air falbh thu!" rings his voice again, and though the dogs are nigh out of sight they change their course and sweep round the base of the hill. The sheep have ceased to crop the scanty herbage, and now stand with heads all turned one way watching the approach of the wiry-limbed animals. Now the dogs are on the farther side, you hear the faint sound of the warning bark and see the moving mass of gray wool slowly leaving the hill-side. "Shocair! sir do shocair! Good, dogs, good!" for there come the whole troop of sheep trotting across the clover field, through the stream and into this field of grass. The dogs watch, with ears erect, for the slightest sign or sound from their master. He raises his hand, and they at once come submissively to his heel.

As the day wears on, the friends of the bride assemble, coming from every direction in all their holiday finery—the men with pea-green coats and brass buttons; the women with wonderful bonnets and gorgeous shawls, the latter for the most part of foreign manufacture and of quite dazzling color. Those men who are not so prosperous as to be owners of a Sunday suit of broad-cloth have at all events a suit of home-made coarse gray woolen stuff, which is held in equal veneration, and this suit they have donned for the occasion. Finally come a couple of pipers, skirling on their hideous instruments as they approach the farm. The party having been arranged in couples, we set out on our journey across the moors, these pipers leading the way and startling the lonely pewits with their alarming din.

After a few hours' walking we came in sight of the blue waters of Lock Indaal, with the inn of Bridgend nestled among the trees at the foot of the hill, while, as luck will have it, at this moment arrives the magnificent cavalcade of the bridegroom's friends, also preceded by two pipers. Into the inn flow both streams of people occupying and almost filling the chief room of the place, while the indescribable clamor and discord of two or three bagpipes' simultaneously playing in vain seek to drown the vehement conversation that ensues. In the midst of this uproar the "minister" walks into the room, and presently there is not a whisper to be heard. The good man's time, it seems, is precious; wherefore a little circle is immediately formed at one end of the apartment; Helen Stewart, with her rosy-cheeked bridemaids, is led into this open space; the bridegroom, with one or two Carraig-dubh friends, likewise comes forward, and the ceremony begins. The minister prays in Gaelic; gives a short address to the pair before him, also in Gaelic; declares them man and wife, likewise in Gaelic; and finally kisses the bride, which, too, is possibly a Gaelic custom. Then Duncan Stewart comes forward, bottle in hand, and offers the minister his *deoch-slainte*. The old man tastes the liquor in acknowledgment of the courtesy, gives the people a parting benediction, of course in Gaelic, and departs.

No sooner is he gone than Colin Stewart, with one spring, bounds upon the nearest table, and proceeds to tune his violin as a signal, whereupon those who are not inclined to dance move towards the wall or towards the door, while in the centre of the room are being formed couples for the performance of infuriated Highland reels. The girls toss off their bonnets and shawls and set to work with a will. Upon the celebrity which they may that day gain may rest their chance of a prospective husband, for your Highland peasant, in choosing a wife, does not always seek her who will be his best farm-servant, as has been said to his charge. Donald can admire grace and suppleness, and so forth; and if he does not require that his wife should be able to perform upon the piano, it is possibly for the reason that he has no piano upon which she could perform.

The most imposing part of the day's celebration, however, was to come. Having indulged in reel dancing, pipe playing, and whiskey drinking almost to satiety, both parties, joined into one, proceeded in the gathering twilight to wend their way towards the farm of Carn-eliosach. Immediately behind the pipers came Helen Stewart—now Mrs. M'Allster of Carriage-dubh—with her young husband; then came Duncan Stewart and old Mr. and Mrs. M'Allster; while in their wake stretched out a long line of friends, coupled as their taste or friendship suggested. A sore and perplexing journey it was as night-fall came down upon them, for over those wild Highland moors was no footpath or even shadow of a footpath; so each man and woman, young man and maiden, had to stumble on through the darkness, picking for himself or herself what piece of ground seemed in the gloom to be most trustworthy footing.

But at length we heard the barking of the Carn-eliosach dogs, and presently our troubles ceased, for no sooner had we arrived than we were ushered into a large barn, lit up by great chandeliers composed of long pieces of wood radiating from a common centre, at the apex of which pieces was placed a candle. Then along the barn were arranged a series of narrow tables with forms on either side. Without more ado the girls once more threw aside their shawls and bonnets, and sat down to await supper.

First came soup, served out in large trenchers, and so thick that one could almost have cut it with a knife; black, likewise, it was, and excessively unpleasant in odor; while the manner of its preparation was not exciting to the appetite, as the greasy mixture had been obtained by boiling from forty to fifty fowls in those large iron boilers used on other occasions to prepare food for the cattle. However, the soup was taken away, and in its stead we had the fowls themselves. The rapacity with which some of the men seized upon these unlucky birds was something to make one shudder. A piper who adorned the head of one of the tables with his presence, scorning carving, laid hold of one of the fowls, and, deliberately tearing it in halves with his unwashed and snuff-covered fingers, proceeded to eat the one half while placing the other on the present writer's plate. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that objection was taken to a sauce composed of snuff and whiskey.

All parties seemed to enjoy this more profuse than select supper immensely; and as the clatter of knives and forks died down, trays containing oatmeal cakes and cheese, with supplies of clean glasses, were handed round. In a short time, however, the younger members of the company began to manifest signs of impatience, and as one of the pipers struck up the "Earl of Gordon's Strathspey," it was taken as a signal that dancing should be resumed. Presently the long table and forms were denuded of their white coverings and carried out to the side of the stream, while inside, young M'Alister and his blooming bride proceeded to lead off the first dance. The wild, hilarious merriment which followed altogether eclipsed the mild performances of the "bottling-night." Several couples insisted on dancing outside on the green sward in front of the farm, and bore off with them two of the pipers. The older men, with those who were not dancing, retired into corners for the more comfortable enjoyment of their Lagavulin. Then we had speeches and toasts, and songs, native and foreign. One song seemed to be a special favorite, as at least three men persisted in singing it, the one after the other. The following is a translation of the opening lines, certainly not intrinsically brilliant:—

O, will ye be married, Maggie?
O, will ye take a man?
O, will ye be married, Maggie?
Will ye take a husband?
He lives in Kilchiron,
His name it is Rod William,
His legs are as two crooked sticks,
But he lies in bed sick of love; &c.

These various amusements continued till morning, when the people separated to resume their ordinary avocations. But the following night they returned, and again the same orgies took place; nay, for a week was there constant drinking, dancing, and singing at Carn-eliosach, while, strange to say, the farm work seemed to be not in the least impeded. How any human beings can so tax themselves night and day, and survive it, is more than we Lowlanders can understand; certainly they did so, and seemed to take the greatest pride and pleasure in their laborious merrymakings. W. BLACK.

### An Economical Pump.

An amusing illustration of ingenuity appears in Mr. Babbage's story of an Italian gentleman who devised a plan for keeping his pump at work with but little expense to himself; The garden wall of his villa adjoined the great high road leading from one of the capitals of Northern Italy (Turin), from which it was distant but a few miles. Possessing within his garden a fine spring of water, he erected on the outside of the wall a pump for public use, and chaining to it a small iron ladle, he placed near it some rude seats for the weary traveller, and by a slight roof of climbing plants protected the whole from the mid-day sun. In this delightful shade the tired and thirsty travellers on that well-beaten road ever and anon reposed and refreshed themselves, and did not fail to put into requisition the service of the pump so opportunely presented to them. From morning till night many a dusty and wayworn pilgrim plied the handle and went on his way, *blessing* the liberal proprietor for his kind consideration of the passing stranger.

But the owner of the villa was deeply acquainted with human nature. He knew in a sultry climate that the liquid would be more valued from the scarcity, and from the difficulty of acquiring it. He therefore, to enhance the value of the gift, wisely arranged the pump so that its spout was of rather contracted dimensions, and the handle required a moderate application of force to work it. Under these circumstances the pump raised far more water than could pass through its spout; and to prevent its being wasted, the surplus was conveyed by an invisible channel to a large reservoir judiciously placed for watering the proprietor's own houses, stable and garden—into which about five pints were poured for every one passing out of the spout for the benefit of the weary traveller. Even this latter portion was not entirely neglected, for the waste pipe conveyed the part which run over from the ladle to some delicious strawberry beds at a lower level.

☞ A new invention, calculated to supplant the barometer, is called the aelloscope. Aelloscopy is that branch of meterology which is concerned with storms, and might be called storm-foreseeing, or storm-prognosticology, and this instrument is called an aelloscope, because it is so constructed that it never fails to give timely warning of the approach of a storm.

☞ A Connecticut paper says that a Torrington man recently sold ten cords of *apple tree* wood to a Waterbury firm, to be manufactured into *brier wood* pipes. All the same.

☞ A good man, when dying, once said:—"Formerly death appeared to me like a river, but now it has dwindled to a little rill; and my comforts, which were as a rill, have become as the broad and deep river."

☞ Pray as if all your trust were in Providence, but work as if all your trust were in your hands.

☞ A United States greenback that has been torn or mutilated will only be received for the representative value of the portion remaining. If one-half of a $10 note is gone it will be received for but $5; one-fourth $2.50, and so on.

☞ A BOX WITHOUT KEYS.—A German locksmith has a plan for making strong boxes without keys. Inside the box is placed a clock-work, the hand of which the owner places to the hour and minute when he wants access to the box. The clock-work begins to move as soon as the lid is shut, and opens the lock from the inside at the moment which the hand of the clock indicates. Time, dependent upon the owner, is the key to the lock—a key which can neither be stolen from him or imitated.

☞ When the loyal Dutchmen at Mobile heard the guns of our fleet at the mouth of the bay, they smiled, and said: "Dat is *Farragoot*!"

☞ THE "SILVER" WEDDING-DAY.—This name is applied to the twenty-fifth anniversary of a marriage, and on this day it is customary to present the married pair with some *silver* token of remembrance. The custom prevails in some parts of Northern Europe, where the festival of the twenty-fifth anniversary is called the "silver" wedding, and that of the fiftieth the "golden" wedding. The "siller marriage" of Aberdeenshire is altogether a different thing from the "pennie-brydal," or "penny wedding," which is a wedding where the guests contribute money.

☞ After three years of legislation the British Parliament has legalized the Birkenhead Street Railway. This was the first horse railway built by George Francis Train in England, and the decision of course reverses the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, fining Mr. Train five hundred pounds for committing a nuisance, in laying rails in the streets of London. As Mr. Train has a patent for these railways throughout England, this action of Parliament is of great importance to him.

☞ The New York correspondent of the Boston Post announces that a child has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb. It is, however, in no respect different from other little boys. He gives a promise of being a full-sized child, and, if he lives, will some of these days be able to carry both father and mother in his great-coat pockets—one on each side, to balance.

☞ CIGARS AND OPIUM.—The best Havana cigars are made from tobacco dipped into a solution of opium. Natural leaf tobacco never has that peculiar effect, as will be noticed upon smoking the best clean leaf in a pipe. It is the opium in a first-rate cigar, and not the tobacco, which smokers get enslaved with and cannot do without. In some of the Havana establishments twelve thousand dollars' worth of opium per year is used.

☞ Old bachelors have been styled unproductive consumers; scissors with but one blade; bones without fiddle; irregular substantives; always in the singular number and objective case; unruly scholars, who, when told to conjugate, always decline.

### The Condition of Charleston.

A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, a former resident of Charleston, paid a visit a week or two ago to the city, and describes, mournfully, its appearance. It is not the damage done to the city that he deplores, for he says that $50,000 will cover all that has been done by the bombardment since it commenced, but it is the desolation, the silence, in the parts visited by our shells. He says:

"To a familiar eye, it is strange to see the population crowded into the upper wards and stores, and counting houses, in places formerly devoted to private residences, and quartermasters, and commissaries, and engineers in our spacious old family mansions. If the former occupants could arise from their graves, and see such sights in their ancestral halls, great would be their wonder at such unwonted spectacles. As I passed to the lower portions of the city the throng gradually diminished, becoming thinner and thinner, until at last I was the only occupant of the sidewalk, and save my solitary footfall, and the deep booming of the guns belching forth their impotent fury upon Sumpter, scarce a sound was heard. In these streets, once alive with the busy hum of trade and the rattling equipages of the gay, all was still and silent. In my walk I perceived in sober reality the fulfillment of the favorite prophetic figure of our popular orators, "that the grass would grow in the streets of Charleston." In one of the widest and handsomest thoroughfares, a space just wide enough for the cart-wheels is all that can be seen of the paving stones; all else is covered by tall grass and weeds, reminding you of a pathway through an old field in the country. The effect of this intermingling of nature with so many memorials of man's handiwork, the silent houses, the tall spires, and of his angry passions, too, the deep, furrows of shot and shell, the glass and splinters, and timbers strewed around, are sad and curious. A silent city, with all its associations of life, is more impressive than the deepest gloom of the forest. In the one silence, is natural; in the other, it is the result of convulsion and change. As I looked up at those tall mansions, once bright and gay with the sights and sounds of wealth and happiness, now dark and silent, I could but revert in memory to their occupants, scattered and homeless, some dead on distant fields, but all the survivors bearing their wrongs in cheerful devotion to their country and her cause. See those great gashes in those ample walls—what a monument to a 'fraternal Union!'

"As I passed my own door, I could almost realize the sad desolation pictured in Ossian—the fox barking from the window-sill. Not a sound did I hear, not a man nor a beast did I see in that devoted quarter, until turning a corner, I came in sight of an Irish boy, in a red cap, quietly tending his cows at their rich pasture in the vacant lots. If a goat had been added to the picture, with the old artillery cap not inaptly representing the Arab fez, the scene might have reminded one of a stroll through the streets of the ancient Jerusalem.

"But my walk through the region of solitude had now terminated, and I gladly emerged to the margin of the waterside, where life and animation prevailed. Here the waters danced in brightness, and the sea-breeze swept along with refreshing softness, and the Confederate cross floated proudly, while far away in the distance frowned the grim walls of noble old Moultrie, and the battered sides of historic Sumpter glanced back the rays of the setting sun. There she lies, like a great bison on the prairie, brought to his haunches by the hunter's ball, his bright eye through his tangled frontlet flashing back undying defiance upon his foe. And such is Charleston, the hot-bed of treason, the special mark of Yankee hate, the fit scene for Greek fire."

### The Color of Birds.

The ptarmigan are exactly the color of the stones in summer and of the snow in winter, and change their color as that of their abiding place is altered. The grouse is as nearly the color of the brown heather as it is possible for a bird to be; his bright eye and red comb are the only discoverable points about him when he is crouched in it. The blackbird's usual haunt is in lower situations, and he delights in the peat-moss, where the ground is nearly as black as his own plumage. The partridge and quail are exactly similar in color to the dried grass and stubble, and the quickest eye can seldom see them on the ground when crouched, and not erect or moving about to feed. The pheasant's color very nearly resembles the dead leaves of the wood or coppice, which are his favorite haunts. The owl sits securely close to the trunk of a forest tree, her mottled brown plumage being in color very like the color of the bark where she is perched. The peregrine falcon, with her blue-grey feathers, can scarcely be distinguished from the lichen-adorned crag, where she sits for hours together as motionless as the rock itself. The eagle sits upright on some cliff of the same color as himself, huddled up into a shape which only the experienced eye detects to be that of a bird. The attitudes and figures of the whole tribe of hawks are very striking and characteristic, and as unlike as possible to the stuffed caricatures which one usually meets with, and in which the natural character of the bird is entirely lost.

☞ Bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, but amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.

☞ A nursemaid recently lost her way on the cliffs of Newquay, England, and went close to the edge of the precipitous cliffs, when she slipped and fell to the beach below, a distance of one hundred and eight feet. Her crinoline expanding with the air, however, so broke the fall that she landed without a scratch or a bruise, and, although much shaken, was able at once to walk one hundred yards and inform her mistress of the occurrence.

☞ A son was born on the 5th of August, to Isaac Tetro, of Washington, Berkshire county, Mass., being the twenty-fourth child of the mother, who is forty-five years old. All, except one pair of twins, were single births.

☞ The French astronomers have discovered another planet, and want a name for it. How would it answer to call it New Bright 'un?

☞ An Irish lad having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied, "Yis, sure he's the parent iv me; but he traits me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bad luck to him!"

## LATEST NEWS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Sept. 10, A. M.—At a point of our line just west of the Jerusalem plank road, occupied by the third division of the Second Corps, the pickets have been so close together, that they could converse without difficulty. On a part of this line and some distance in the rear of their advance the enemy had thrown up a line of slight works with the intention, it is supposed, of falling back to them when occasion might demand. It was determined last night to drive them back of this line and thus straighten our own.

About midnight, when all was quiet, the division was formed in line of battle, and the picket like being reinforced, was ordered to advance. The rebels were evidently not prepared for such a movement, as they were completely taken by surprise, and nearly the entire line captured. They made every effort to retake the lost ground, but did not succeed, and our men now occupy the line and are securely intrenched. We took about 100 prisoners, while our own loss was very light.

General Sherman reported on Friday that his army is concentrated at Atlanta. His troops are in position and well. Wilson and Stead man are pressing Wheeler hard.

☞ A rage for red hair is the epidemic in Paris now. Some of the belles are dye-ing for it.

☞ Jackson Haines, the champion skater, sailed for Europe to astonish the Dutch, who skate on their canal in winter, and the Russians, who skate all the year. His baggage mainly consisted of a hundred dozen pairs parlor and ice skates, which he fancies cannot be found abroad in any such perfection as those supplied by —— (don't he wish we would give the name?) of this city.

☞ Adelina Patti was so badly sea-sick while crossing the English Channel to Boulogne, recently, that she could not sing, and forfeited £120 each for three nights.

☞ Saying Sharp Things.—Speaking daggers.

Devouring a Book.—Eton Latin Grammer.

A Fair Race.—The Saxon race.

An Acceptance at Sight.—Receiving a black eye.

The Best Way to Cut a Swell.—Don't speak to him.

How to Serve a Dinner Properly.—Eat it.

☞ It is easier to get up a new religion than to invent a new sin.

☞ Most men hate all lies which they don't utter themselves.

☞ The emperor of the French is at Vichy, and daily takes a bath. The king of the Belgians is reported to have called this "a very Vichy-vashy sort of proceeding."

☞ A cynical Frenchman once said, there are two parties to a love affair—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

A rose, a rose, a lovely rose;
There's not a flower so sweet to me;
I watch it bud, and when it blows
I pluck it with a childish glee;
But when I press it to my nose
I find a thorn I didn't see.

☞ THE HARP IN CHURCHES.—The harp is soon to be introduced into the Church of England choir. This most historical of instruments is finding many advocates, and the Court Journal says: "Several prelates of authority have considered the point involved most favorably, and musicians are as one as to the solemn and beautiful effect it will have in an occasional accompaniment.

☞ A man wishing to sympathize with his neighbor for loss of his wife, said, "I am sorry your poor lady gone to Heaven." "Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long fore you go."

☞ IMPORTANT TO AERONAUTS.—There is no danger to be apprehended in ballooning, if you take the *necessary steps* to bring you down in safety.

☞ The eating houses have hit upon an ingenious way of making money. They have doubled their prices, and at the same time reduced the quality and quantity of their food. If you object to their high prices, they complain of the high cost of meat; if you object to their meat, they ask what can you expect for the price?

☞ The only way to expel what is false from the mind, is to receive the opposite truth.

☞ A short way of bluffing off an annoying dry goods peddler. "Don't show your muzzle in (muslin) here, sir!" He can take it either way.

☞ Learning will accumulate wonderfully, if you add a little every day. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save that one—add another as soon as you can.

☞ There is a New York lady at Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George, whose *impedimenta* (Latin for baggage) consists of 20 trunks, and another who carries 16. Dress competition between the two is very lively.

☞ It is said that a person at Troy, New York, has invented an improvement in the use of coal, which will diminish the consumption nearly, if not quite, one half. This will be the invention of the age, if realized. Several stove manufacturers have purchased the right and are about introducing it into their business. The New York Central and other railroad companies are also about introducing it on their roads.

☞ The Quakers may not be wonderfully wise, but most of them have the appearance of *solemn 'nas*.

☞ Synalæpha is the cutting off a vowel at the end of a word before another at the beginning of a word; as, "Ishaway we have in th' army." Ecthlipsis is the cutting off the letter M before another word; as, "We won't go ho' till morning." Crasis is the contraction of two syllables into one; as, "T'll d'light doesh 'pear." Diæresis is the resolving one syllable into two; as, "F' he'sha jolly good fut-fellow."

☞ Wanted by a gentleman now engaged in erecting an empire in America, a complete set of the "tools of tyrants."

☞ A letter from Texas to one of the leading Manchester manufacturers, is published in the English papers. The writer says Texas is in a flourishing condition, and so many negroes have been brought into the country during the war, that labor is abundant, and a large cotton crop is growing. He says the product of Texas the present year will be at least 500,000 bales, but he thinks the crop of the other Confederate states will not exceed 400,000 bales.

☞ Although the wise are supposed to have more weight in the community than the foolish, we have never yet seen a smart man who outweighed a simple-ton.

## THE PRIVATE BURYING-PLACE.

The chestnut opens out its fans;
The beech unfolds its pleached leaves;
The goldfinch in the hawthorn-bush
Its nest with soft moss weaves;
Hard by, the brook (where cresses throng)
Runs, babbling merrily, along.

This is the spot I've singled out
For my long and tranquil sleep.
I'll lie with folded hands in trance,
Through which low tones will creep,
Dim memories of yesterday,
And voices sweet, but far away.

Here, when my long day's work is done,
I shall lie underneath the grass,
And still, like one in a half-trance,
Shall yet distinguish men that pass;
For sorrows, even such as mine,
Death brings a certain anodyne.

The little airy globes of down
Shall poise above me; and the bees
Drag at the purple clover flowers;
And all day long, high in the trees,
The black-bird, with his golden pipe,
Shall sing of summer ere 'tis ripe.

After a toilsome sordid life,
What majesty there is in Death!
What riches that no king can touch!
What mystery in the ceasing breath!
Sorrows that time hath brought to me,
Share not my immortality.

The trefoil shall grow thick and soft,
And daisies star my emerald pall;
And soft shall fall the summer dew,
And soft the summer showers shall fall;
The sunbeams shall point to my grave,
And the plumed grasses o'er me wave.

When I lie deep down in the hold
Of this great planet-ship of ours,
And it shall roll and circle on,
Through its predestined days and hours,
Come storm or tempest, I shall rest
Warm in my little sheltered nest.

Sprinkle upon me drifting rain,
Or swaths of cold effacing snow,
Or let the sunshine burn and parch,
I shall be still and calm below;
I shall fear neither rain nor sun,
When I and Mother-earth are one.

The generations pass away
Like the winged thistle-seed, why then
Fear Death more than the clover does?
We cannot change the doom of men.
Then welcome Death, these woes of mine,
They need thy certain anodyne.

## A FIGHT WITH POACHERS.

"It's a first-rate gun, Bob; and I wouldn't take—pass the decanter—wouldn't take fifty pounds in hard cash for it. Let's see—two hares, two brace of pheasants, and a wood-pigeon, besides your bag; and I'm certain we should have done twice as well if it wasn't for the confounded poachers."

"By-the-way, old fellow," said I, passing, but previously taking toll from the decanter—"by the-way, that last cock assuredly belonged to my bag. Winged as he was, I was sure of him, without your pouring that second charge into the poor brute."

"Nonsense, man; he'd have gone clean off. Such pieces as yours are well enough for partridge-shooting; but for a pheasant, there's nothing like a breech-loader."

Now, I knew from experience that my old friend, Jack Raynshaw, would have his own way, if I talked for an hour; so I made a virtue of necessity, and gave him the disputed bird, which was, on the whole, generous, seeing that Jack had asked me down for a week's shooting, and the bird in question was undoubtedly his own, probably hatched in the hen-roost, fed on the lawn, and certainly watched over with as much, nay more, care than any old chanticleer on the dunghill. Squire Raynshaw was a stanch game preserver, and had been so ever since he came in for his uncle's estate, and left me the sole occupant of the second-floor chambers in Gray's Inn. But Jack was not a bad fellow. In taking prosperity to his bosom, he had done so without letting it displace his heart; and in spite of a certain amount of egotism, and of his having taken a wife to preside over the Hall, Jack was Jack still; and many a happy fortnight we spent together, talking over old times after dinner, and keeping the ladies waiting till out of patience, whilst we, in a happy state of forgetfulness, discussed a bottle of nectar, which, glowing upon the old mahogany table, sent flashing back the light of the fire in a spirit of independence that seemed to say: "I've not lain forty years in bottle without having a glow of my own, that can put your evanescent light into the shade."

Jack got up and poked the fire into a brighter fit, and then made himself a shadowed and disproportioned monster on the wainscot opposite, by turning his back to the cheerful blaze, and tucking his coat-tails under his arms.

"Now, Bob, a cheroot each, and then tea and the ladies. Ah! if it wasn't for the poachers, there wouldn't be a prettier bit of shooting for fifty miles round; there's no such covers in the neighborhood. But I believe those fellows of mine are curs. Jones has taken on a new watcher this week, who is to do wonders; but I haven't seen him yet. Hang 'em! I don't think they're rogues, or I'd say they were in league with some of the poaching vagabonds. However, 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' I'll take on one of the biggest poachers in the place, and make him keeper; for hang me if I like having my game kept down in the way it has been. I was over at Stubbleton the other day, and I could have sworn to one hare I saw hanging at the poulterer's. The beggar had no tail, and I've seen it about the nine acres more than once. But we'll have the *crème de la crème* to-morrow, old boy. We haven't been to Copse Corner yet; and we'll have almost a battue there. You must put a stronger charge in that gun of yours, and I'll give you a few— What the deuce was that?"

I had heard nothing, and said so.

"I'll give you a few shots. There again! By Jove, they're at it in the very place;" saying which, Jack rattled down the shutters, and flung open the window. The wind swept by in gusts, bearing with it the dry leaves upon the gravel-walk; the night was as dark as a railway tunnel, and we stood with our heads out for a few minutes attentively listening. I was just going to drop a hint about his being mistaken, when "bang, bang" went two guns, evidently at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile from where we stood.

"In my best preserve," roared the squire; "in the very place—hang 'em." Down went the window. "I'll let 'em know." Jangle, jangle went the bell. "You'll come with me, Bob?"

"Of course," said I. "But what are you going to do?"

"Going to do?" he re-echoed. "Why, take the vagabonds, to be sure.—Here, Thomson,' he shouted to the butler; "my shooting-jacket and hat—my boots too," he roared after the departing Mercury. "No; never mind—hang the boots!"

In less than two minutes, we had slipped on our shooting-jackets and hats; and Jack, armed with a constable's staff, and I with a keeper's bludgeon, were on the point of slipping out of the front-door, when a faint scream arrested us; and upon turning round, we saw Mrs. Raynshaw and her sister at the head of the stairs. The news had ascended to the drawing-room, and a scene was impending; but Jack rushed up to his *cara sposa;* and amid a torrent of expostulations and expressions of fear, I heard him keep up a running fire of "No danger—keepers—plenty of help—constables—jail—vagabonds—quiet—care of myself," &c.; and a few moments after we were off at double quick-march over the lawn, when the darkness compelled us to reduce that speed to a walk. We heard another shot from the same direction as we issued from the front-door, and then all was silent, with the exception of our hurried footfalls as we hastened on, I having, on my part, enough to do to keep up with my companion. Our route was very dark, and rendered none the more agreeable by our having to squeeze through an occasional hedge, or force our way through a plantation, clothed as we were about the lower extremities in dress-boots and trowsers. However, we pushed on till we came to what seemed to be an extensive oak-plantation, where Jack began to reconnoitre. He stopped at intervals to listen, but the whistling and moaning of the wind through the half-bare trees were the only sounds that greeted our ears. "Let's go round by the other side," he whispered at last, "and then we can head them towards the village, and so cut off their retreat. I almost wish now that I had sent down to the lodge, and brought up Jones and the watcher, and then we should have been sure of them."

"So do I," said I laconically.

"Eh! why, you're not afraid, are you?"

"O no; I can't say I'm afraid," I replied; "but I don't much like the job," which was speaking facts.

"There'll be no tussel," said Jack; "all you've got to do is to hit the first fellow you come across smartly on the right arm above the elbow, and he'll give in directly."

"All right!" said I, taking a fresh grip of my weapon, but not without sundry misgivings that the advice I had received might prove worse in practice than it sounded in theory.

We had now skirted round the edge of the copse, and speaking in a low whisper, Jack said: "We'll get over the hedge here, and beat through the cover;" saying which, he gave a spring, and leaped over the ditch. There was a rustle, and a crackling sort of crash, and then the squire's voice gave utterance to something that sounded uncommonly like an imprecation.

"What's wrong?" I whispered.

"Oh, hang it!" growled Jack.

"Well, what is it?" I reiterated.

"Oh, come over, I'm staked!"

I went over, but in a slower and more cautious manner, and found that my friend's person and clothes had somewhat suffered, for he had jumped upon a hedge-stake; and we had to spend five minutes in repair of damages by tearing up our handkerchiefs and binding up the fluttering trowser to his scarified leg.

At last we set off again, the squire leading the way, and stopping to listen every few minutes; after about a quarter of an hour's ramble up and down the narrow paths, pricking my legs, tripping over roots, and getting smacks in the face from the rebounding hazel, Jack turned round to me and said: "They're gone, Bob."

"A very good job too," said I, for I felt excessively crusty, and wished myself back by the fire.

"Humph!" said Jack.

Presently the squire tripped up, and went sprawling in among the bushes. I helped him to pick himself up, and we were both muttering anathemas upon the darkness, when we heard a sharp crack as of a dead branch snapped by a passing footstep, and then the rustling of the underwood, as though somebody were forcing a way through.

"Now, Bob!" said my friend, as, turning in the direction of the sound, he groped his way on.

I wished myself anywhere but where I was, but there was nothing else for it, so I pushed on after him, fully determined to have the first cut at anybody I met. I had but little time for thought, for there was a scuffle, oaths, blows, and then a great brute of a fellow came at me like a bull. There was no stopping for conversation, and following out my preconceived determination, I hit at him, and the bludgeon came down "thud" upon the fellow's shoulder. He roared out an oath, and in a moment my left arm fell numbed to my side, all thoughts of cowardice vanishing with the pain. I hit at him, single-stick fashion, and it was give and take with us for the next five minutes. The fellow must have had an iron skull, for I know I caught him over it five times, and in return received several nasty blows, and a cut on the forehead, from which a comfortable warm stream began to flow. Just in the very height of the conflict, I heard some one come blowing and panting behind me, and, dreading a new enemy, I made a desperate cut at my adversary. I believe the blow fell upon his hand, for his bludgeon dropped, and with a sort of howl he turned and fled, just as the squire came limping up.

"The field's ours, but it's no use to follow them, Bob," said he; "they know the country; and what with that cursed hedge-stake, and the scuffle I've had, I'm about done up."

"So am I," said I, mechanically putting my hands in my pocket, and leaning against a tree. "I've had a fellow like a mad bull to deal with. How have you fared?"

"Don't ask," growled Jack; "I'm half killed."

As we spoke, one of my hands came in contact with a powder-flask; but the other fared better, for I drew out my little leather-covered flask, which I always fill before setting out on an excursion, and on shaking it, I found, to my delight, that it was half-full. "Here, old boy, take a pull," said I, passing the flask.

"Ha!" said the squire, drawing a long breath; "that's like new life. What do you say to a pursuit, Bob?"

I was too busy with the flask to answer at once, but when at liberty I returned a decided negative. "Which is the nearest cut home?" I said, giving a species of groan with the pain I was suffering.

"You seem bad, Bob; suppose we try a little more brandy. Now, follow me," said the squire; and he led on, but very slowly, for we limped over the ground at a very different rate from the one at which we came.

There was very little conversation till we reached the house, my friend merely expressing his wonder at what the fellows had done with their guns. We went round to the back entrance and quietly entered the dining room, so as not to alarm the ladies. The butler stared at us with astonishment, and the same performance was reciprocated between ourselves. The squire was a perfect scarecrow—face torn, mouth bleeding, and with one eye closed; and upon consulting the glass I found that I was in no better plight. Glasses were sent for; and after the decanter had passed twice—Thomson keeping watch outside, that we might not be discovered by the occupants of the drawing-room—Jack stretched out his hand, squeezed mine, and said: "Bob, old fellow, you're a trump!"

Saying which he rose, and we were about to adjourn to our rooms, when we heard voices in the passage, and directly after Thomson pushed in his head, with "Here's Jones and the watcher, sir; they've just had a fray with poachers—"

"And got them?" said the squire.

"And wants to see you about going to the magistrates. They have got it hotful, sir!"

"Show 'em in," said his master.

There was at once a great deal of shoe rubbing coughing and shuffling, and then in came Mr. Jones, the keeper and the watcher. The latter gentleman had both his eyes nearly closed up, a fearful cut across the bridge of his nose, and a tooth knocked out. Jones was all whiskers and blue handkerchief, for his head was swathed in bandages, in addition to which he carried his right arm in a sling.

The two men stood and stared, or tried to stare at us, for a few moments, when the squire broke out:

"Lord bless my soul! where did this happen? The scoundrels are out in force to-night? Here, my lads, have a glass of wine."

The lads seemed no way averse to the glass of wine, nor yet to another. As for myself, I sat petrified, and forgot my pain, for a fearful suspicion had crossed my mind.

"Now, Jones," said the squire, "where was it?"

A sort of muffled growl came from beneath Jones's bandages as he said:

"Heard firin', sur, and we tracked it to be in Copse Corner, sur, though he say at first it were in Burnet Bottom; and when we got to the Corner about ten fellows set upon us, an' at last we was 'bligod to give in—worn't we, Bill?"

Bill nodded and grunted, and seemed to be looking for a place wherein to expectorate.

The squire began to shuffle about uneasily in his chair, looking first at the keepers and then at me. I was aching with pain, and my efforts to keep from bursting out into a guffaw. Just then Jones turned round and caught my eye, and I said to him: "Are you sure there were ten, Jones?"

The man pushed up his bandages to get a better look at my battered face; then stared at the squire, then again at me, then at Bill, and last of all, threw his hat on the floor and exclaimed: "Well, I'm blowed!"

The squire fumbled in his pocket for a minute, and then got up, giving a groan as he did so, and stuffed something into each of his servants' hands as he said: "Have another glass of wine, my lads; and Jones, mind this affair is not talked about in the village."

Jones gave a ghastly grin, and swallowed his wine, and Bill did likewise; and in putting down his glass dropped a sovereign upon the mahogany, and could not see to pick it up; this was done for him by Thomson; after which the pair sidled and shuffled out, Jones turning round once to try and wink at me, but it was an ineffectual attempt, for his right eye would not open sufficiently for the purpose. As the door closed, I turned round to Jack, and roaring with laughter, inquired: "What do you think of that?"

"Oh, hang it!" said Jack.

We had been fighting his own game-keepers.

### TRUE LOVE.

Oh, bid me not from thee depart;
I will not, cannot leave thee now:
Did thy sweet smile not warm my heart,
The stream of life would cease to flow.

When danger circles that dear form,
Dost think that I could turn and flee?
No, no! with thee I'll brave the storm,
And share its wildest rage with thee.

And e'en if death thy fate should be,
To share thy doom would be my pride;
Far sweeter thus to die with thee,
Than live with all the world beside!

THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.—Doubtless you have remarked, with satisfaction, how the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after their marriage. You have found a man who used to be shabbily and carelessly dressed, with a huge shirt collar frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken of those things, and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut, speedily become like human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wore a long beard, in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs, leave them off. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome though painful shears nipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

☞ "Where did you git that hat, Jerry?" "Borrered it." "Borrowed it?" "Y-a-s—borrered it of a feller asleep in the Park. Pete Meyers borrered his coat, Pat Gaffaney his boots: I borrered his hat. Do you think I'd steal? No—I'd scorn the action."

☞ Why is a madman like two men? Ans.—Because he is one beside himself.

### WOMEN.

'Tis a sad truth, yet 'tis a truth
That does not need the proving.
They give their hearts away, unasked,
And are not loved for loving.

Striving to win a little back
For all they feel, they hide it;
And lips that tremble with their love,
In trembling have denied it.

Sometimes they deem the kiss and smile
Is life and love's beginning;
While he who wins the heart away
Is satisfied with winning.

Sometimes they think they have not found
The right one for their mating,
And go on 'til the hair is white,
And eyes are blind with waiting.

And if the mortal tarryeth still,
They fill their lamps, undying,
And till the midnight wait to hear
The "heavenly bridegroom" crying.

For while she lives, the best of them
Is less a saint than woman;
And while her lips ask love divine,
Her heart asks love that's human!

## The Mad Barber.

Mr. Halcyon Day was a law-student, who lived at number eleventeen Mountain Court, Temple. His rooms were right at the top of the staircase, as high as ever you could go without crashing through the skylight; in fact, you mounted, before you arrived at his door, exactly ninety-five steps, which, as a sardonic person once observed, the architect might just as well have made a hundred while he was about it, if it were only out of compliment in round numbers.

Exactly at half-past nine, Day issued forth from his chambers, clean-collared, clean-booted, clean-shaven; for Day was very particular about his shaving. You see, his hair was red, or, at anyrate, reddish, and a chin upon which the beard has a tendency to be red or reddish, requires more than any other kind of chin the daily visitation of the razor. Leave that kind of chin for but one morning unscraped, and the consequences are ghastly. The particularly white skin which usually accompanies red hair, assumes a sickly appearance in connection with pale red bristles, and an idea is suggested of unwholesome and imperfectly-trimmed pork. Day was sensitively alive to this fact, and generally plied his razor every morning, spring and autumn, summer and winter, with unwearied assiduity. But he was mortal; and man, being mortal, will sit up too late overnight, will sleep too long in the morning, will neglect even the duty of shaving, and will argue himself into the desired conviction that he doesn't want it. He is especially open to this conviction in the winter, when he is short of time, sleepy of head, and cold of hand. Thus it happened that one winter's morning, Day convinced himself, without any difficulty, that he didn't want shaving that morning. The position of his windows favored the delusion; for they were so constructed and so placed as to admit the smallest possible amount of light; a glance, therefore, into his looking-glass was sufficient to assure him, being anxious to believe it, that he didn't want shaving that morning. There was no particular difference between that morning and another, which should make shaving less necessary than another times; but men are blinded by their own conceit. Day, then, for the first time almost since the young carrots had pushed their heads out through his skin, went out clean-collared, clean-booted, but unshaven. His step was unsteady, his mind uneasy, and his look uncollected, for his conscience smote him; he felt he had deceived himself into neglecting a duty; he was haunted by a consciousness that he looked a guy. He took one hasty glance in a sheet of plate-glass, as he turned to the right down Fleet Street, and everything was plain to him at once; the looking-glass in his dim chambers had beguiled him; his hand had been the truer witness; his chin was stubbly; it *did* resemble unwholesome, improperly-trimmed pork; he *did* look a guy. Now, Day had friends of an indolent sort—men who, though always well shaven, never shaved themselves. He had heard them talk in terms of high approval of the barber they employed: he would have shaved you, they said, as the native barbers in Bengal or Bombay, or any other parts of her Majesty's Indian empire, shave you, in any attitude you pleased to assume; he would even have shaved you, as those Indian experts are said to shave one, in your sleep. He didn't wring your nose; he didn't place a great greasy palm across your mouth; he didn't push your head back, whilst he removed the hair upon your throat, till you gurgled and gasped for breath. His hand was as light as a woman's; and what is more, he never cut anybody. The only objection—if it were an objection—was, that he was very eccentric. He liked to talk, whistle, or sing over his employment; and his employers encouraged him. He used to wait upon his patrons at their own rooms; but his place of business was in Shackle Lane. The red and white ensign jutted from his door to attract public attention, and a large placard, leaning against the door-post, informed passers-by, in white letters upon a black ground, that there was such a thing to be had inside as "clean and easy shaving for 2d." Whether any reduction would be made to any gentleman who would be contented with "unclean and uneasy shaving," did not appear, nor was Day a man to bargain upon the subject, so he turned down Shackle Lane, entered Dobbs's shop, and remarked briefly: "I want just my chin shaved, please."

A little man, with a pasty face and two eyes like a couple of carbuncles, who was engaged in strapping razors and singing popular songs in a stentorian voice, at once turned towards him, bowed profoundly, and said,

"If you'll allow me to finish *The Captain with the Whiskers*, sir, I'll attend to you immediately; there's only one verse left."

"Oh, certainly," replied Day. "I suppose you're Mr. Dobbs."

"Yes, sir, I am, sir," rejoined the other; "your very obedient, sir."

Whereupon Dobbs cleared his throat, finished his song, arranged the shaving-cloth upon Day's right shoulder; and as he prepared his lather, commenced a conversation with Day after this fashion:

"Shaved fourteen gentlemen this morning a'ready, sir, and they all went out satisfied; didn't cut one on 'em—not a single scratch."

"Mr. Mason tells me," said Day, "you never do cut anybody."

"What! Mr. Mason of Spring Court, Temple, sir?"

"Yes, he's a friend of mine."

"Ah, Mr. Mason's a gentleman, sir, a perfect gentleman—compared to some, you know, compared to some," he added, for fear, apparently, of committing himself too far. "I wouldn't cut Mr. Mason's throat, sir, the least bit—not for a gross o' the best razors goin'. He's been very kind to me."

"I should hope," said Day, who began to feel slightly uncomfortable, "you wouldn't cut anybody's."

"Well, I don't know, sir," rejoined the little barber, as he ferociously stirred up the lather to the accompaniment of a roaring sea-song; "some throats looks very temptin'. You see, I set my razors to that edge they'd run along from ear to ear without a gentleman's knowin' I was doin' more than takin' a pimple off. Then the attitude's temptin', when a gentleman throws his head back over the top o' the chair (it ain't necessary, but some gentlemen *will* do it,) and shows his Adam's apple drawed quite tight. The position is just opposite to that required for the guillotine (as they call it,) and always makes me think o' cuttin' heads off."

"Well, I don't do that," said Day, curtly, and in a tone which showed he didn't like the turn of the conversation.

"No, sir," observed the barber with a sinister look, and a curious flash of the carbuncle eyes; "I should say you was too sensible a gentleman for that. But don't you think, sir, we barbers have great power over the gentlemen we shave? If the devil was to come over us (and the devil comes over people wonderfully) only just for a second, we might cut a gentleman's head off in a moment."

"Oh, come, that's all stuff," said Day, feeling nervous and rather alarmed. "Don't talk such infernal nonsense. Shave me, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," remarked the little barber, and began to apply the lather in so singular a manner that Day became quite scared. He had heard of Dobbs's peculiarities, but he was not quite prepared for what he saw, heard, and felt. Dobbs plunged the shaving-brush into the lather, and then advancing to his patient with a cry of "Rule—Bri—tannia" (Day was not aware that the barber liked to sing so uproariously during his work,) "Bri—tannia—rules—the—waves," lathered his upper lip and the sides of his mouth. He then took another good dip of the lather, rushed at Day with the brush held out like a weapon, and with a loud shout of "Bri—tons—never, never, never, never—shall—be—slaves!" dabbed the soap-suds over his chin and throat, rubbing the brush at the "never, never, never, never," round and round, and round and round, in unison with his song, and then looked about him for the razor which would best suit Day's skin. Day in the meanwhile felt very uneasy, and watched the little barber's motions with great anxiety. Dobbs, after trying half-a-dozen razors upon a hair, appeared dissatisfied with them all, and turning to Day, observed: "You've a very peculiar skin, sir; and I don't think any of these razors will suit it. If you'll excuse me a moment, I think I've one up-stairs which will exactly do your business."

Day assented cheerfully; but whether it was the extraordinary leer with which the little barber regarded him, or whether it was the ominous expression he made use of—"do your business"—Day is not himself quite sure: he only knows that for some reason, so soon as the little barber had disappeared up the stairs, a panic seized him, a cold perspiration broke out all over him; he rose from his chair, wiped the soap-suds hurriedly from his face, struck a Vesuvian to light his cigar, bolted ignominiously into Shackle Lane, jumped into the first Hansom he could find, and drove unshaven to the city. He had a faint glimpse of the little barber peering for a moment round the door-post of his shop with a razor of gigantic proportions in his hand, then tearing along in the direction taken by the Hansom, and evidently screaming something at the top of his voice, which Day was too far off to hear. The next morning, Day's conscience smote him; he thought he ought at least to call upon Dobbs, invent some excuse for his sudden exit, and pay the price of "a shave." He thought, however, he would wait until the evening, and approach the shop with caution, for somehow his heart was full of misgivings and fears of—he hardly knew what. Stealthily, therefore, he approached the barber's, and saw that, though it was quite dark, there was not a single vestige of light in the window. He drew nearer, and observed that the house was entirely closed; the shutters were up at the shop-window, the blinds were down at the other windows, and the whole appearance was that of a dwelling whence the inmates have retired to the prison, the workhouse, or the grave. Wondering, he turned into the next shop, and inquired of a motherly-looking woman, if she knew the reason why Mr. Dobbs's was shut up. The woman, with a face upon which amusement and concern struggled for predominance, replied:

"Mr. Dobbs has gone away."

"Oh, indeed! Can you tell me where he has gone?"

"Why do you ask, sir?" said she demurely.

"Well," replied Day, "something so odd occurred to me yesterday at his shop, that I felt quite anxious about him. Has anything happened to him?"

"Yes, sir; the fact is, he has been very queer for a long while, and yesterday he went on so, he was obliged to be put away."

"Put away? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, he kep' on telling everybody that yesterday the devil came to him in the shape of a gentleman with carroty hair" (here she smiled, and glanced slily at Day's hair and whiskers) "a-wanting to be shaved; and he went up-stairs to get a particular razor, which had a charm about it, meaning (as he said, sir,) to do for the Evil One altogether; and when he came down again, the visitor had vanished, leaving a smell of sulphur behind him. And he took on so, running after every one who had red hair with his biggest razor, that they were obliged to take him to the lunatic asylum."

"Thank you," said Day. "I'm very sorry for poor Dobbs." But he departed, muttering: "What a narrow escape!" and his blood ran cold at the bare recollection.

☞ A Western editor, describing the effects of a squall upon a canal-boat, says: "When the gale was at the highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

☞ "Do you snore, Abel Adams?" inquired a Yankee of his friend, "No, Seth Jefferson, I do never more." "How do you know, Abel?" "Because 'tother night I laid awake the whole night on purpose to see!"

## THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

FROM THE GREEK OF CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

[The poem which I have here attempted to translate has, at any rate, the undisputed merit of antiquity. It comes before us as beyond all doubt the earliest of all extant hymns. Fragments of still earlier date may perhaps meet us in the older Liturgies; and when the worshippers join, in the Communion Service of the Church of England, "with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven" in their great hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts," or raise their jubilant thanksgiving, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," they are probably echoing words which were heard from the beginning. In the upper chambers where the disciples of the first century met together to break bread. But the *Tre-Sanctus* and the *Gloria in Excelsis*, in their present form, are of later date, and the hymn of Clement of Alexandria is the one complete relic of the worship of the second century, the one witness, in this form, of the manner in which the Christians of that age and that city sang the praises of their Lord.]

Curb for the stubborn steed,
Making its will give heed;
Wing that directest right
The wild bird's wandering flight;
Helm for the ships that keep
Their path-way o'er the deep;
Shepherd of sheep that own
Their Master on the throne,
Stir up thy children meek
With guileless lips to speak,
In hymn and song, Thy praise,
Guide of their infant ways,
O King of Saints, O Lord,
Mighty, all-conquering Word;
Son of the highest God
Wielding His Wisdom's rod:
Our stay when cares annoy,
Giver of endless joy;
Of all our mortal race
Saviour, of boundless grace,
O Jesus, hear.
Shepherd and Sower Thou,
Now helm, and bridle now,
Wing for the heavenward flight
Of flock all pure and bright,
Fisher of men, the blest,
Out of the world's unrest,
Out of Sin's troubled sea
Taking us, Lord, to Thee;
Out of the waves of strife
With bait of blissful life;
With choicest fish, good store
Drawing Thy nets to shore.
Lead us, O shepherd true,
Thy mystic sheep, we sue,
Lead us, O Holy Lord,
Who, from Thy sons dost ward,
With all-prevailing charm,
Peril, and curse, and harm;
O path where Christ hath trod,
O Way that leads to God,
O Word, abiding aye,
O endless Light on high,
Mercy's fresh-springing flood,
Worker of all things good,
O glorious Life of all
That on their Maker call,
Christ Jesus, hear.
O Milk of Heaven, that prest
From full, o'erflowing breast
Of her, the mystic Bride
Thy Wisdom hath supplied;
Thine infant children seek,
With baby lips, all weak,
Fill'd with the Spirit's dew
From that dear bosom true,
Thy praises pure to sing,
Hymns meet for Thee, our King.
For Thou, the Christ;
Our holy tribute this,
For wisdom, life, and bliss,
Singing in chorus meet,
Singing in concert sweet,
The Almighty Son.
We, heirs of peace unpriced,
We, who are born in Christ,
A people pure from stain,
Praise we our God again,
Lord of our Peace.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

# OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### PART XI.

MRS. BENN'S WRONGS.

"Then, Benn, I'll not have it done! You can't go."

"But I tell you I have got my orders. I am sent."

"And who gave you the orders pray, Joe Benn? Who sent you?"

"Mr. Oswald Cray. And the best thing for *you* to do is to hold your tongue and take off that there guy of a bonnet, and hide your bare arms, and put on a apron that's clean, and otherwise make yourself decent, for you *have got* to do it. And when folks have got to do a thing, they may as well make up their minds to do it in the best way and readiest way they can."

Mr. Benn, in thus breathlessly telling his wife she had "got to do it," did not allude to the little items of personal embellishment he mentioned, but to something else which Mrs. Benn abhorred above all things—that of waiting on gentlemen. It happened now and then that a luncheon or other meal would be ordered at the offices in Parliament Street for some stranger or friend stopping in London, which meal Mrs. Benn had to prepare, and her husband to wait at. On this day, Mr. Street had ordered mutton-chops to be ready for two o'clock and the tray laid for three persons; and this it was that was discomposing Mrs. Benn. In the first place, it was one of those oft-recurring periodical battles of her life—a cleaning day; in the next place, her husband had just given her the startling information that she would have to wait at the meal as well as to cook it. "And a fine object you be, to do it!" he had wound up in a mutter to himself.

Certainly Mrs. Benn did not appear to particular advantage to-day, looking at her in an artistic point of view. You have had the pleasure of seeing her once before in the high costume donned for the occasion of those days specially marked in her calendar. I don't think there's much change. Her bonnet, black once, rusty brown now is on, brim downwards, crown up, strings tied in a knot at the back; her apron is a piece of wrappering off a bale of goods, embellished with sundry holes, and fastened round her with an iron skewer; and her gown turned up under it is pinned into a heap behind. She stands over the dutch oven, her arms bare and black, and a fork in her hand; and ever and anon as she stoops to turn or touch the chops in the dutch oven, the gathered gown sways itself up at the back, not unlike a sail. Mr. Benn is in his shirt sleeves, having taken off his coat to brush it, preparatory to going out.

"It's sure to be the case? I've marked it times and times again!" burst forth Mrs. Benn, trying to fling off a live coal which had intruded itself into the dutch oven. "If ever there's lunch or any bothering extra of that sort wanted, it's safe to be on my cleaning day! Mr. Street have got no more consideration nor a stalking gander; and Mr. Oswald Cray have got as little. They *might* remember my cleaning days, and spare a boddy on 'em."

"And a fine speech that is," said Mr. Benn, in a reprimanding tone. "You'd better not let it come a nigh their ears. We are here, you and me, to do what work's required of us, at any hour, whether it's cooking or whether it's waiting, and your ord'nary work must give way when it's wanted to give it. They'd soon get other servants in our places."

"He comes to the top o' the stairs just as the clock was going one," observed Mrs. Benn, paying no more attention to the words of her husband than if she had been deaf. "'Are you there?' he calls out, and I looked up and see it was Mr. Stregt. 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I be;' and I was in a cloud of dust at the moment fit to smother you, a doing out of that there wood and bottle cupboard. 'Oh,' says he, 'some mutton-chops for two o'clock, and lay the tray for three. And do 'em well,' says he, 'and a dish of mashed potaters.' A nice thing that was for me to hear! —and to have to go out the figure I be, after chops, and to be hindered in my cleaning a good two hours! Ain't that enough, Joe Benn, without having to turn to and wait?"

"I can't help it," said Joe, civilly, as he put on his coat. "If I am ordered work out of doors I must go about it, just as you must the work, in. Mr. Oswald Cray has sent me down to Limehouse, and I must be back before the office closes. Don't I tell you I can't even stop for my dinner."

He went away without more words. He probably would have had a few sent after him but for an unlucky catastrophe that occurred at the moment: the saucepan of potatoes fell on its side, and enveloped Mrs. Benn and the dutch oven in a mass of steam. It took all that lady's best attention to remedy it; and when she looked up Mr. Benn was gone.

Very reluctantly indeed did she set about making herself presentable; but, as Benn had said, there was no help for it. She washed her face and hands, and turned down the gown and drew down its sleeves, and put on a white apron, and replaced the choice bonnet with a clean cap, grumbling bitterly all the time. And at the appointed hour she took up the luncheon tray.

Three gentlemen partook of the meal: Mr. Street, Oswald Cray, and a well-known contractor who had only that day arrived in London from Spain, and was going into the country to his works by a four-o'clock train. They were discussing business while they ate.

A certain projected line of rail in Spain was just being organized. Bracknell and Street were the engineers, and it was proposed that Mr. Oswald Cray should go out as superintendent. The details of the affair do not concern us: but it must be mentioned that the sojourn in Spain would be likely, from certain attendant circumstances, to prove of great advantage to Mr. Oswald Cray in a pecuniary point of view.

After the departure of the guest, Mr. Street and Oswald remained together a few minutes talking.

"You'll not think of declining it, of course, Cray," remarked the latter. "I only wish I could go!"

"I don't see how you will manage without me here," remarked Oswald.

"We must manage in the best way we can. Bracknell must be with us more than he has been lately. Of course we could send somebody else to do the Spain business, were it impossible that you could leave; but it is not impossible, and I speak in your interest when I say it is a chance you ought not to miss."

"True. I shall like to go, if home affairs can spare me. I suppose it will involve a stay there of two years."

"Nearer three," remarked Mr. Street. "Then we will consider your going as settled; and things must be at once prepared at home contingent on it."

"Yes," acquiesced Oswald. "Wait a moment," he added, as Mr. Street was turning away to descend. "I want to speak to you about Allister. I wish you would take him on again."

Mr. Street pursed his lips up. He had a round face and small light eyes, in which sat a hard look. Whether it was the hard look or not, I can't tell, or whether it was that the look was only the index of the nature—as it generally is—certain it was, that Mr. Street was not liked in the house. Oswald knew the sign of the contracted lips.

"What is your objection?" he pursued. "Allister's quite well apparently, and—"

"Apparently! there it is," interrupted Mr. Street. "It's a great hindrance to business, these sickly clerks, well one day, ill the next; especially in such a house as ours. We have no time for it."

"Allister seems well. At one time I thought his lungs were fatally diseased, but I begin to believe I was entirely mistaken. It is nearly twelve months since the worst symptoms left him, and he seems now as strong as I am."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Street. "A warm climate, if he could get to it, might set him up; but in this place of change and fogs and damp, rely upon it he'll not keep well long."

Oswald was silent. So far as the warm climate went, he agreed with Mr. Street. Had Frank Allister the opportunity of going to one, it might set him up for a long life.

"How has he lived?" asked Mr. Street. "He has no money."

"He has done work at home lately. We have furnished him with some to do: plans and estimates, and such like. He has had it also from another house or two."

"Is that sister of his with him still?"

"Yes. She is a faithful ally. She has taken a daily situation as companion to a blind lady. It all helps to bring grist to the mill. Allister is very anxious to come back, Mr. Street. I really see no reason why he should not. I am sure of one thing—that he is as capable of doing his work here now as any clerk we employ."

"*Now.* Will you guarantee that he shall continue capable of doing it?"

"I wish I could guarantee it."

"Of course. If wishes were horses—you know the old adage. Were I to take him on now, perhaps in winter he would get ill, and have to leave again. We can't afford those interruptions."

"I trust indeed he would not. He passed well through last winter; improving in it every day."

"Last winter was a mild one, except for a little extreme cold we had in November. Next winter may be a severe one. I tell you, Cray, there's only one safeguard for Allister: and that's a warmer climate. At any rate, a more settled one. Such is my opinion."

Oswald would not give in.

"Considering that Allister is now in health and strength—"

"Strength for him," put in Mr. Street.

"Well, strength for him, if you like to put it so, but I am sure you would be surprised to see how strong he does appear to be. Considering this, and that he believes himself to be permanently and radically cured, it will sound very hard to him if I tell him that we cannot take him back again."

"If your wish is to have him back—that is, if you make a personal matter of it—have him," said Mr. Street. "I see you want it."

"Yes, I do," said Oswald. "I wish him back, both as a matter of personal liking and that his services are efficient ones. This departure of mine for Spain will involve the taking on at least of one more clerk. Let it be Allister."

"Have it as you like, then," said Mr. Street. "Let Allister come back at once. Tell him to come on Monday."

So it was settled. They went down talking together, and encountering Mrs. Benn on the lower passage, with a hearth-broom in her hand.

"May I take the tray away, gentlemen?"

Oswald nodded, and the woman went upstairs, her face and her temper as crusty as they could be.

"I wonder the world's let go on!" she ejaculated, as she flung the broom on a chair and began to put the things together on the tray. "I wonder how *they'd* like to have a day's cleaning to do, and to be called off for three mortal hours in the midst of it? It's four o'clock if it's a minute, and I was stopped in my work at one; and if that's not three hours I'd like to know what is. I've set to nothing since; how can I, dressed up to please them? and I'm sure ——my! what cormorants!"

The subjoined sentence, given utterance to by Mrs. Benn in her surprise, had reference to the mutton-chop dish, on which her eyes had just rested. She stood a moment gazing at it, her hands uplifted.

"If they have'nt gone and ate 'em all! Nine thick chops, and only the tails of two of 'em left! Well, I'd not own to such famine if I was gentlefolks. I sent 'em up for show—for I don't forget the trimming I got for skimping the number last time chops was ordered—never supposing they'd eat 'em. I meant two of them chops to come up again for Mr. Oswald Cray's dinner; they'd have done for him, warmed up. And now they're demolished!—and I must dance out again to that butcher's!—and Benn a wanting something with *his* tea, as he's sure to do, going out without his dinner!—and me with all the lower part of the house to do yet!—and got my things to change again! It's a wonder the world *do* go on!"

She carried the tray down; but what with glasses and other things, she could not carry all at once, and had to make two journeys of it. It did not add to her geniality of mood. Arrived in the kitchen the second time, she took the things off the tray, folded the cloth carefully, for in such matters she was very particular, and laid it in the dresser-drawer. Then putting the other things in a stack to be washed by and by, she began to make preparations for resuming the interrupted work. As a preliminary to this she slowly turned her gown up over the white apron, and looked around for the broom. After casting her eyes in all directions, and casting them in vain, recollection returned to her."

"Drat the broom! If I haven't gone and left it up-stairs. I wish their luncheons and their bother was far enough!"

She turned down her gown again, possibly lest she might encounter either of her masters on the way, and proceeded up the kitchen stairs. The broom lay on the chair where she had flung it in Oswald's sitting-room. As she took it up she espied some crumbs under the table, and stooped down to brush them carefully into her hand, grumbling all the while.

"It's just like 'em! dropping their crumbs down like so many children! The trouble I'd used to have with that when old Bracknell was here! He'd shake his table-napkin on the carpet, he would; and Benn, he'd come away and never——"

"Is this the room? Is he here?"

To be interrupted by these words in a female voice close to her elbow brought Mrs. Benn to her legs at once. A lady in a gay white bonnet and violet-tipped feathers, with other attire on the same grand corresponding scale, stood confronting her. Mrs. Benn could only stare in the first moment from consternation. And the lady stared too, first at the room, then at Mrs. Benn, waiting for her question to be answered.

"Is who here?" cried Mrs. Benn.

"Mr. Oswald Cray. We were ushered up here by a young man whom we saw in the passage. He said this was Mr. Oswald Cray's room, and he would send him to us. Is he well?"

Mrs. Benn naturally looked round for some one to whom "we" could apply, and saw a young lady at the door. A sweet-looking young lady whose manner was timid and hesitating, as if she did not like to advance farther into the room. You need not be told that it was Sara Davenal. She had wished to remain in the fly while Mrs. Cray came up; but Mrs. Cray had insisted on being accompanied by her indoors, and Sara was obliged to yield, for she was unable to give any good reason against it. How could she hint at the relations which had once existed between her and Mr. Oswald Cray?—at the love that lingered still?

"He's as well as a body can be; leastways if his luncheon's anything to go by, which he have just eat," replied Mrs. Benn in answer to the question of the lady, whom she had not taken a fancy to, and was permitting her tone to show it. "Did you want him?"

"I have come to see him," was the answer. "He is my step-son, and we have not met for a good while."

Mrs. Benn's manner began to thaw. In her crusty way she was fond of her master Mr. Oswald Cray; and she thought she might as well be civil to the lady before her as his step-mother.

"Take a seat, ladies," she said, dusting two chairs with her white apron, and disposing herself to be cordial and confidential. Fate seemed to be against Mrs. Benn's cleaning that day, and we most of us resign ourselves to what can't be helped. This appearance of Mr. Oswald Cray's step-mother Mrs. Benn regarded as an era in that gentleman's life, for she could not remember that during his whole residence there any living relative had come to inquire after him, with the exception of his brother.

"His step-mother," cried she, approvingly, as she stood behind a chair and rested her arms on the back of it, one hand grasping the brush. "And might your name be the same as his, ma'am—Mrs. Oswald Cray?"

"I am Mrs. Cray," replied the lady, with emphasis on the one word, and an impulse to resent the familiarity. But she felt inclined to encourage the woman in her sociability, feeling a curiosity as to the every-day movements and doings of Mr. Oswald Cray.

Sara sat a little apart, near the centre-table. Her cheek rested on her fingers, and her eyes were mechanically fixed on a small chart or plan, which lay at the end of the table opposite to where the luncheon tray had been. Quite mechanically her thoughts were buried in the unhappy occurrence of that morning; the advent of the stranger at her house and the startling communication of Neal.

The gossip of Mrs. Cray and the woman fell on her ear like the humming of gnats in summer; heard, but not heeded. Oswald did not appear; and Mrs. Cray, always restless, as Sara had that morning found out, started from her seat and said she should go to the rooms below in search of him.

Mrs. Benn had this peculiarity—and yet, I don't know that it can be called a peculiarity, since so far as my experience teaches me, it is characteristic of women in general—however pressing might be her occupations, if once called off them and launched into the full tide of gossip, the urgent duties might give way, and the gossip be willingly pursued until night should fall and stop it. Mrs. Benn, deprived of her chief listener, the elder lady, turned her attention on the younger.

"Would you believe it, miss," she said, dropping her voice to a confidential tone, "his mother's coming here this afternoon bears out some words I said to my husband only a day or two ago, just as one's dreams gets bore out sometimes. I says to Benn, 'Mr. Oswald Cray's relations 'll be up, now there's going to be the change.'"

"What change?" asked Sara.

"His marriage, miss."

Ah, she was all too awake to the present now. Her lips parted; her brow turned cold.

"His marriage?"

"It can't be nothing else but his marriage," repeated Mrs. Benn. "Benn was waiting on him at dinner, and he told him there was perhaps going to be a change, that he wouldn't have him to wait on long, for he might be leaving. Joe Benn he comes down and repeats it to me, all wondering, like the gaby he is, what his master meant by it. Why, his wedding of course, says I; it don't take a conjuror to tell that. Well, she's a nice young lady."

Sara had her hand raised to her face, apparently pushing back her braided hair.

"Who is she?" came breathing from her lips: and she could hardly have helped asking it had it been to save her life.

"Well, it's Miss Allister, if it's anybody," returned Mrs. Benn, in apparent contradiction of what she had just asserted. "They are as thick as two peas, and I know he goes there a'most every evening."

Sara had heard enough. In her confusion of mind she had scarcely noted the change taking place in the room. With the last words Mrs. Benn and her brush glided away, and Oswald Cray had come in. Some one had told him that a lady was waiting for him in his room, but he was busy at his desk at the moment and waited to finish what he was about. Nothing could well exceed his surprise when he saw seated there Miss Sara Davenal.

A delicate flush, like the faint pink on a sea-shell, was on her cheeks as she rose. She saw by his manner that he was ignorant of his step-mother's visit, and Sara felt a little embarrassed as she explained.

"She had only come with Mrs. Cray; Mrs. Cray had just gone down in search of him."

Oswald supposed she alluded to his brother's wife, and made no answering comment. As he stood with Sara's hand in his in greeting, he noted how pale she was: for the startling communication of Mrs. Benn had scared the blood from her face, and the faint pink was fading again. It was somewhat singular that this was the first time they had been alone together since that memorable day of meeting in the Temple Gardens: they had met once or twice casually at Mark's in a full room, but not otherwise.

"Have you been well?" he asked. "You are not looking very strong."

"Oh quite well, thank you."

Oswald hastened to ask a question that had long been on his mind. One that had troubled him perhaps more than he cared to acknowledge to himself; but he had not felt justified in seeking a special occasion to put it.

"Now that I have the opportunity, will you forgive me if I ask whether that unpleasant matter is settled that caused your visits to Essex Street? I still think you would have done wisely to confide it to me."

"It is quite settled," answered Sara, her tone full of satisfaction. "Settled and done with." Ah, poor thing, she forgot momentarily as she spoke the fresh grievance opened that morning, which was perhaps connected with it.

"I am glad of it," he heartily said. "I should not like to have gone away for an indefinite period knowing that you were in any dilemma, and no one perhaps to see you out of it. Friendship may still exist between us tacitly, if not yet actively," he continued in a low earnest tone. "Nothing else is left to us."

She thought he alluded to his marriage. She stood something like a statue, feeling cruelly wronged, but loving him beyond everything in life. Not wronged by him: it was fate that wronged her: he would have loved her still, had he dared, and she felt that he honored her in all tenderness. She felt—and the hot crimson came dyeing her face at the thought—that he loved her better than that other one.

The rebellious tears welled up to her eyes and she turned her face away.

"Are you going to be absent long?" she asked, trying to speak indifferently.

"I think so. How long I cannot tell yet. I am going to Spain."

There was a pause of silence. Sara, with an air of unconcern began putting straight the crape folds on her dress skirt. Oswald turned to the door.

"Where can Caroline be?" he exclaimed. "Did you say she had gone down in search of me!"

"Not Caroline. It is not Caroline. It is Mrs. Cray, Mark's mother. I came out with her to show her the way to different places, but I did not know she was going to bring me here."

"Mark's mother!" But ere Oswald could say more, Mrs. Cray appeared. She had found her way into Mr. Street's room, downstairs, thinking it might be Oswald's, and had remained making acquaintance with that gentleman. Oswald Cray the rising engineer, and Oswald Cray the interloping little son in her husband's house, were essentially two people in the worldly mind of Mrs. Cray.

### PART XII.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Mark Cray and his wife were attiring themselves by gas-light for some scene of evening gayety. The past fortnight, for that period had elapsed since the arrival of Mrs. Cray in London—had brought nothing else but gayety. Shopping in the morning, drives in the afternoon, whitebait dinners at Blackwall or Greenwich, dinners at Richmond, theatres in the evening, receptions at home, parties out; noise, bustle, whirl, and *cost*. Caroline loved the life; were it taken from her, she said randomly to Mrs. Cray one day, it would kill her; she should die of *ennui*; and the Miss Crays had never been so happy in their lives, or their mother either.

Their visit had come to an end now, and they had left for home that morning. Unwillingly, it is true, but Mrs. Cray had deemed it wise not to wear out their welcome; they were a large party; and she privately contemplated a longer visit in the spring, during the glories of the London season. Mark had treated them right regally, and had contrived to screw out from some impossible pocket a twenty pound note, which he put into his mother's hands for the journey. "I shall be able to allow you and the girls something worth having next year, when the ore's in the market regularly," he said to her. Altogether Mrs. Cray was well satisfied with her impromptu visit.

"I say, Carine," cried Mark, coming forth from his dressing-room, "what's gone with my diamond studs?"

"Where's the use of asking me?" was Carine's answer, who was turning herself slowly round before the large glass to contemplate the effect of a new dress which her maid had just finished fixing upon her. "You must make haste, Mark, or we shall be late. The dinner's at seven, mind; and I know it does not want above a quarter."

"We shall get there in five minutes," carelessly answered Mark. "I can't find my diamond studs."

"I think they are in your dressing case, sir," spoke up the maid. "I saw them there a day or two ago."

Mark went back; perhaps he had overlooked them? As he found he had. He finished dressing himself, all but the coat, and came into his wife's room again.

"Carry, isn't it old what's-his-name's affair to-night in Kensington Gardens? We promised to go, didn't we?"

"Of course we did, Mark. I intend to go, too. He says it will be a charming party in spite of the world being out of town. We shall get away from the dinner by ten o'clock, I daresay. Shall I do?"

She was turning herself round before the glass as before. Between two glasses, in fact—one in front, one behind. Her dress was some beautiful fabric, white and mauve; and her violet eyes and her glowing cheeks spoke all too plainly of her besetting vanity. Certainly if vanity is ever pardonable, it was in Caroline Cray as she stood there, so radiant in her youth and beauty.

"Oh, you'll do," returned Mark with scant gallantry, but his white necktie had been refractory, and he was beginning to resettle it again. At that moment he heard a knock at his dressing-room door.

"Who's there? Come in," he called out, stepping into his own room.

One of the men-servants entered and presented a card to him. Mark, whose hands were busy with his necktie, bent his head to read it as it lay on the silver waiter.

"Mr. Brackenbury."

"Mr. Brackenbury!" repeated Mark to himself. "Who on earth's Mr. Brackenbury? I can't see anybody now," he said to the servant. "Tell him so. I am just going out."

"I told the gentleman you were on the point of going out with my mistress, sir, that the carriage was waiting at the door; but he insisted on coming in and said you would be sure to see him."

"Who is it?" cried Caroline, stepping forward.

"Some Mr. Brackenbury! Don't know him from Adam. Go down, George, and say that I can *not* see him; or any one else, this evening."

"The idea of strangers intruding at this hour!" exclaimed Caroline. "Mark, I dare say it's somebody come to worry you to get them shares in the mine."

Mark made no reply. He was in enough "worry" just then over his necktie.

"Bother the thing!" he cried, and pulled it off entirely with a jerk.

The servant came back again. He bore another card, a few lines added to it in pencil.

"I must and will see you. Denial is useless."

Mark Cray read the words twice over, and decided to go down. They almost seemed to imply a threat, and he did not understand threats. Mr. Brackenbury had arrived in a Hansom cab, the horse reeking with the speed it had made; but Mark did not know that yet.

"I won't be a minute, Caroline. The fellow insists on seeing me. I'll just see what he wants."

Tying on a black necktie temporarily—the one he had taken off—and putting on his morning coat as he descended the stairs, Mark entered the room where the visitor was waiting. And then the mystery was solved of who Mr. Brackenbury was, for Mark recognized him for a gentleman holding a few shares in the mine, recently purchased. Amidst the many, many shareholders, it was not surprising that Mark had forgotten the name of one of them. In point of fact these few shares had been Mark's. Being

excessively pressed for ready money, Mark had ordered his broker to sell them out.

"Oh, Mr. Brackenbury!" said Mark, shaking hands with him in a cordial manner. "Do you know, your name had completely escaped my memory. I have not a moment to spare for you to-night. I am going out with my wife to dinner."

"Mr. Cray," said the visitor, a middle-aged, solemn-looking man, "you must return me my two hundred pounds. I have come for it."

"Return you your two hundred pounds!" echoed Mark. "My good sir, I don't understand you. What two hundred pounds?"

"The two hundred pounds I paid for those shares. They were transferred from your name to mine, therefore I know they were your own."

"They were my own," said Mark. "What of that?"

"Well, I must have the money returned to me, and you can receive back the shares. I have brought them in my pocket. I am a determined man, sir, and I will have it returned."

Mark flew into a rage of indignation. He was a great man now, and great men do not take such words with impunity. "You can have your money back to-morrow," he said, with haughty contempt. "Take the shares to my broker—if you don't possess one of your own—and he will repurchase them of you."

"Ah," said Mr. Brackenbury. "But I want the money from you to-night. I want it now."

"Then you can't have it," returned Mark.

Mr. Brackenbury advanced—both of them were standing—and laid his finger on Mark's arm. "Mr. Cray, I have not come to you as an enemy; I don't want to be one, and there's no occasion for unpleasantness between us. I want my money back, and I must have it—*I must have it*, understand, and to-night. After that, I'll hold my tongue as long as it will serve you."

Was the man talking Greek? was he out of his mind? What did he mean? Mark's indignation began to lose itself in puzzled curiosity.

"I have had a private telegram to-night from the mine, the Great Wheal Bang," resumed Mr. Brackenbury, dropping his voice to a cautious whisper. "Something is amiss with it. I jumped into a Hansom——"

"Something amiss with it?" interrupted Mark, cutting short the explanation, and his tone insensibly changing to one of dread; for that past summer's night, which had brought the telegram to Mr. Barker, recurred vividly to his mind. "Is it water?" he breathed.

Mr. Brackenbury nodded. "An irruption of water. I fear—you'll see, of course—but I fear the mine and its prosperity are at an end. Now, Mr. Cray, you repay me my money, and I'll hold my tongue. If this does not get about—and it shall not through me—you'll have time to negociate some of your shares in the market to-morrow morning, and put something in your pocket before the disaster gets wind. I only want to secure myself. Trifling as the sum of two hundred pounds may seem to you, its loss to me would be utter ruin."

Mark felt bewildered. "And if I do not give you the two hundred pounds to-night? What then?"

"Then I go out with the dawn of morning, and publish the failure of the mine to the City. I'll publish it to-night. But you'll not drive me to that, Mr. Cray. I don't want to harm you; I have said it; but my money I must have. It would not be pleasant for me to proclaim that there has already been one irruption of water into the mine, which you and Barker kept secret. I happen to know so much; and that the shares were sold to me *after* it, as I dare say shares have been sold to others. Perhaps the public might look on that as a sort of fraud. *I* do; for I consider a mine is never safe, once the water has been in it."

Mark paused. "It is strange that news of this should have come to you to-night, and not to me."

"Not at all," said Mr. Brackenbury. "I am having the mine watched. It's only lately that I heard about that first irruption of water; I did not like it; and as I happen to have a friend down there, I got him to be on the look-out."

"Is it any one connected with the mine?" asked Mark, sharply.

"Yes it is; no one else could do it. But that's of no consequence. I had a telegram from him to-night——"

"Will you let me see it?" interrupted Mark.

"I did not bring it with me. It told me that the water was flowing into the mine; *flowing*, mind; and it added these words, 'Not known here yet.' I infer, therefore, that the men had left the mine for the night, that the mischief will not be generally known there until the morning, and consequently, cannot be known here. You will have time to save something."

Mark felt as if water were flowing over him. He stood there under the gas-burner—the servant had only lighted one—a picture of perplexity, his face blank, his hand running restlessly through his hair, after his old restless manner, the diamond studs in his shirt sparkling and gleaming. All this sounded as though some treason, some treachery, were at work. If this man could get news up, he and Barker ought to have got it.

A knock at the door. It opened about an inch, and Caroline's voice was heard.

"Mark, we *must* go. We are keeping the dinner waiting." And Mark was turning towards her, when Mr. Brackenbury silently caught him by the arm, and spoke in a whisper.

"No! Not until you have given me my money."

"Allow me to say a word to my wife," said Mark, haughtily. "I will return to you in an instant."

Caroline stood there with questioning eyes and a rebellious face. Mark shut the door while he spoke to her.

"You must go on alone, my dear. I can't come yet. I'll join you, later in the evening."

"Mark! What's that for?"

"Hush! This gentleman has come up on business from the City, and I must attend to him," whispered Mark. "I'll get rid of him as soon as I can."

He was hurrying her out to the carriage as he spoke, and he placed her in it, she yielding to his strong will in her bewilderment. Once seated in it then she spoke.

"But, Mark, why should he come on business *now*? What is the business?"

"Oh, it has to do with the Great Wheal Bang," said Mark, carelessly. "It's all right: only I can't get away just at the minute. I won't be long. They are not to wait dinner, mind."

The carriage drove away, and Mark returned indoors. His unwelcome visitor stood in the same place, apparently not having stirred hand or foot.

"How am I to know whether this news you have brought is true?" was Mark's first question. And Mr. Brackenbury looked at him for a minute before replying to it.

"I don't altogether take you, Mr. Cray. You cannot think I should knowingly bring you a false report; my character is too well respected in the City for you to fear that: and you may rely upon it, unhappily, that there's no mistake in the tidings forwarded to me."

"Well—allowing that it shall prove to be true—why can't you take your shares into the market and realize to-morrow morning, as well as coming to me for the money to-night?"

"Because I am not sure that I could realize!" was the frank response. "I don't suppose the news will be public by that time; I don't think it will: but I cannot answer for it that it won't. You must give me the money, Mr. Cray."

Mark took an instant's gloomy counsel with himself. Might he dare to defy this man, and refuse his demands? He feared not. Mark was no more scrupulous than are some other shareholders we have read of, and the chance of realizing something in the morning to pit against the utter ruin that seemed to be impending, was not to be forfeited rashly. But how was he to pay the money? He had not two hundred shillings in the house, let alone two hundred pounds.

"I can't give it you to-night," said Mark, "I have not got it to give."

"I must and will have it," was the resolute answer. "I daresay you can go out and get it somewhere; fifty people would be glad to lend you money. I shall stay here until I have it. And if you deem me scant of courtesy to-night, Mr. Cray, you may set it down to the sore feeling on my mind at the circumstances under which the shares were sold to me. I'd never have touched them had I suspected water had been already in the mine."

"That's talking nonsense," said Mark, in his irritation. "The mine was as sound and as safe after the water had been in it, as it was before. It was nothing more than a threatening; nothing to hurt."

"A threatening; just so. Well, it is of no use to waste time squabbling over terms now. That will do no good."

Mr. Brackenbury was right. It certainly would do no good. Mark went out, leaving him there, for he refused to stir, and, not seeing a cab, ran full speed to Mr. Barker's lodgings in Piccadilly. A Hansom could not have gone quicker. It was not that he hoped Mr. Barker could supply the two hundred pounds, that gentleman was as short of ready cash as himself; but Mark was burning with impatience to impart the disastrous news, and to hear whether Barker had had intelligence of it.

Disappointment. When Mark, panting, breathless, excited, seized the bell at Mr. Barker's house and rang a peal that frightened the street, he was told that Mr. Barker was not within. He had gone out in the afternoon: the servant did not know where.

"Has any telegram come up from Wales to-night?" gasped Mark, recovering neither his breath nor his disappointment.

"Telegram, sir? No sir; nothing at all has come to-night, neither letter nor anything."

"I'll be back in a short while," said Mark. "If Mr. Barker returns, tell him to wait in for me. It is of the very utmost importance that I should see him."

He turned away, jumped into a cab that was passing, and ordered it to drive to Parliament Street. The two hundred pounds he *must* get somehow, and he knew nobody he could apply to at the pinch, save Oswald.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Clerical Courtship in 1696.

Among the amusing reminiscences of those days is the famous courtship of Rev. Stephen Mix, of Weathersfield. He made a journey to Northampton in 1696 in search of a wife. He arrived at the Rev. Solomon Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required the utmost dispatch. Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christianna, Sarah, Rebekah, and Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he had lately been settled at Weathersfield, and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering her his heart and hand. She blushingly replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration. He rejoined that he was pleased that she asked for suitable time for reflection, and that in order to afford her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal, he would step into the next room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked his pipe and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked further time for consideration. He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and send her answer by letter to Weathersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply, which is probably the most laconic epistle ever penned. Here is the model letter which was soon followed by a wedding:

Northampton, 1696.

Rev. Stephen Mix,

Yes.

Mary Stoddard.

The matrimonial Mix-ture took place on the 1st of December, 1696, and proved to be compounded of the most congenial elements. Mix was pastor of that paradise of *onions* for forty-four years.

☞ A DAMPER.—At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment to the legal fraternity, the toast was given:—"An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God." But an old farmer in the back part of the hall rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice, "And about the scarcest."

☞ England is now getting her supply of cotton principally from the new fields opened in various parts of the world. The prices, however, are yet enormously high. Within a year or two after the settlement of our present troubles, we predict that cotton will be lower in the market than ever.

☞ HOOPING FROCKS.—The Poughkeepsie Press says:—Quite a rosy-looking girl from the country actually went into a cooper shop in this city, recently, and innocently asked one of the workmen what he charged for *hooping frocks*. Innocence wished to be in the fashion.

☞ A HEAVY TAX.—Under the new law requiring every small bunch of friction matches to be stamped after the 1st of September, a single manufacturing firm in New York will pay more than $1,400 per day. It will require 145,000 one cent stamps daily for their use.

☞ Pigeons drink differently from most other birds. Gallinaceous birds sip, and raise their heads; but pigeons take a long continued draught like quadrupeds.

### An Elephant Kraal in Ceylon.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

We lately received from Mr. J. D. Herbert, of Kandy, Ceylon, (says the Illustrated London News) a series of photographs which he has published, representing various scenes and incidents of the great elephant-catching expedition to a place called Ebbewellepittia, in August of last year. It appears that the English and other European residents in Ceylon, through Mr. H. O'Grady, the Government agent of the northern district, were invited by several of the most influential native chieftains to form a grand pleasure-party, encamped in the jungle, during several days and nights, for the purpose of seeing how the wild elephants are caught alive. This operation, performed at stated intervals of time, with a view to keep up their stock of those useful animals, is, of course, a matter of business with the people of Ceylon; but on the present occasion no pains were spared by Jayatellike Modliar, Halpey Rattemahatmeya, and the other leading Cingalese gentlemen of the district, to arrange their hunt so as to afford the utmost sport and entertainment to their European visitors. A vast number of the peasantry, not hired for wages, but having volunteered their services, were employed for three or four weeks in building the kraal and driving the wild elephants into it from a large tract of country around. The kraal, a name borrowed from the Dutch, is a square inclosure, sixty or seventy yards in length and breadth, with openings on three of its sides, through which the elephants are to enter, and which may be strongly barricaded when a sufficient number of them have been driven in. The interior of the kraal is left full of thick-natural jungle, with a small pool of water in the midst of it. The inclosure, a part of which is seen in our Illustration, is formed by a strong palisade, ten or twelve feet high, consisting of trunks of small trees firmly fixed in the ground, and connected together by three rows of horizontal beams, tied by tough and lissom creepers cut from the jungle; the whole being further supported by buttresses or slanting pieces of timber, forked at the end where the horizontal beams rest upon them, and sunk deep in the ground at the other end. At one corner of the kraal stood the "Grand Stand," an open building of two stories, erected for the accommodation of the lady spectators. The encampment, or "The Lines," inhabited by about a hundred and thirty European visitors to Ebbewellepittia on this occasion, consisted of a double row of huts, built of poles and talipot palm-leaves along the high road between Putlam and Anarajahpoora. One street of these huts was tenanted by the bachelors, the other by the married couples, of the party. There was a larger and better-constructed bungalow, called "The Palace," in which Mr. O'Grady and his immediate guests were quartered. Another large hut, named "The Rag and Famish," after the Army and Navy Club of London, was a place of much convivial resort. Taverns, bazaars, and shops, which were opened by the Moormen or by tradesmen from the nearest towns, made up this impromptu village. It was, of course, furnished with a post-office, and the English mail came in during the sojourn of the visitors at Ebbewellepittia. It required the vigilant and laborious efforts of a great multitude of beaters and watchers for many days and nights to surround a herd of one hundred wild elephants within a rough circle of about seven miles' circumference, and then gradually to contract this circle until the animals would pass into the kraal. This was not accomplished till Sunday, the 23d of August. In order to beguile the tediousness of waiting, on Saturday, the 22d, a subscription was raised for horse-races, elephant-races, and foot-races, which afforded much amusement. The Kraal Sweepstakes, contended for by eight horses, with gentlemen riders, made an excellent race; the Elephant, or Ivory Sweepstakes, patronized more especially by the ladies, were rather a failure, as the tame elephants, though skillfully driven, could not be made to feel any spirit of emulation; and in one race, as if by mutual consent, stopped short of the winning-post. While the English passed their time in these and similar diversions, the Cingalese huntsmen were keeping up a ring of watch-fires, at intervals of ten yards, all round the herd of wild elephants in the neighboring forest. Sometimes an alarm would be raised when the noble beasts turned and seemed about to break through the circle at any particular point; the men would drive them back with shouts and noise of firing guns, but without killing or wounding any of them. The jungle was so thickly overgrown with underwood, as well as forest trees, that it was impossible to see more than twenty yards ahead. The greatest caution was therefore requisite in driving in the herd. This business was conducted by "Mr. Jayatellike, of Kornegalle, and Comburewattaweile Rattemahatmeya." The former of these gentlemen, especially, is much praised by the Colombo newspapers for the consummate generalship which he displayed. The first elephant which got into the kraal, having drunk too greedily of the pool after being deprived of water for so many days, fell down and died. About twenty more elephants came in that night. On the next morning, Tuesday, the 25th, the interior of the kraal presented a curious scene. The thirsty and famished animals were pacing restlessly to and fro in the tank, or pond, which their feet had churned into a fetid mass of black mud, with the dead elephant lying in the midst. They looked a complete picture of woe and despair. Sometimes one would stop to heap the mud over his head and back in a manner expressive of hopeless misery. Sometimes one would stroke with his trunk the body of his prostrate comrade. An elephant, bolder than the rest, would head a feeble attempt to charge through the barriers, but would be frightened back by a few shouts from the people who were perched on the palisade. There were several calves, with their dams, in this herd; and one little fellow, not much bigger than a pig, walking between its mother's fore legs, and protected by her trunk, as it pitifully floundered about in the mud, and at last fell fast asleep, in spite of the commotion around it, won the sympathy and commiseration of the ladies. They had a large space of the inclosure cleared for them, in front of the grand stand, to give them a good view of the proceedings. This was done in a very summary fashion, by the aid of two tame elephants belonging to the roads department. Crash went tree after tree, as the mighty beasts pressed their foreheads against them and broke them down with the facile but relentless power of a hydraulic ram. When the trees were prostrated, the branches were crushed to the ground by the feet and trunks of these untiring and sagacious levellers. A few of the larger trees were left standing, to which the wild elephants might be securely bound. The first elephant noosed was a fine young animal of two years of age. He was singled out of the herd by a couple of tame tuskers, and driven by them from the tank. As he was stepping over the trunk of a prostrate tree a noose was adroitly slipped round one of his hind legs. Finding himself a captive, after a few efforts to break the cord, he threw himself on the ground with a loud cry, and was dragged off by the leg, by one of the tuskers, like a sack of potatoes, into the open space in front of the grand stand. The two tuskers then placed themselves on each side of him, and after a vigorous resistance he was bound by three of his legs to a tree and firmly secured. Often the unfortunate beast made frantic efforts to regain his liberty; sometimes trying to tear away the cords with his trunk, sometimes pulling with all his might against the relentless fetters; occasionally, in utter despair, he would dash himself upon the ground, uttering piteous cries to his dam, who stood close by looking on in sulky silence and expressing her material sorrow by heaping dust upon her head. To describe the noosing of one elephant is to describe the noosing of all. In every case there was the same unavailing resistance, the same ultimate exhaustion. Nothing was more remarkable than the contrast between the kind consideration shown by the tame elephants in their treatment of the young wild ones and the severity with which they reduced the older and more refractory ones to submission. During the process of noosing a young one they would try and coax him into obedience by stroking him with their trunks, and even putting choice pieces of cocoanut into his mouth; while they did not hesitate to plunge their trunks into the flesh of an old one, but not before all other means of quieting his resistance had been tried and failed. When the noosed elephant had remained tied for a few hours, and his spirit was somewhat broken, he was led down to the river between two of the tame ones, being firmly secured by ropes which were passed round his neck and the necks of his conductors. In one case an elephant more refractory than the rest required an escort of five tame ones to lead him to the river. Here the poor animals were able at last to slake their burning thirst and lave their heated bodies in the fresh, cool water of the river, which they drank and drank again with ever-renewed avidity. After that they were led back and secured to different trees in the neighborhood of the kraal. We must not forget the ceremony of naming the elephant; this takes place when the animal is first mounted by a rider. A young elephant, which was assigned to Jayatellike Modliar, was formally bestridden within a few minutes of its noosing, and received from him the name of Horatella, or "Darling." The number of elephants captured was forty-five, three of which died. The rest of the herd were allowed to escape.

### Striking Incident.

One Sabbath morning a singular lapse of memory befell me, which I had never before and have never since experienced. When I rose from sleep I could not recollect any portion of the discourse which I had prepared on the day before; and what was most strange, I could not even remember the text of the prepared sermon. I was perplexed, and walked out before breakfast in Kensington Gardens. While there a particular text occurred to my mind; and my thoughts seemed to dwell upon it so much, that I resolved to preach from that, without further attempting to recall what I had prepared—a thing which I had never ventured to do during all my ministry. From this text I preached, and it was, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I preached with great liberty, and in the course of the sermon I quoted the lines—

"Beware of desperate steps! the darkest day—
Live till to-morrow—will have passed away."

I afterwards learned that a man in despair had that very morning gone to the Serpentine to drown himself in it. For this purpose he had filled his pocket with stones, hoping to sink at once. Some passengers, however, disturbed him while on the brink, and he returned to Kensington, intending to drown himself in the dusk of the evening. On passing my chapel he saw a number of people crowding into it, and thought he would join them in order to pass away the time. His attention was riveted to the sermon, which seemed to be in part composed for him; and when he heard me quote the lines alluded to, he resolved to abandon his suicidal intentions.—*Life of Dr. Leifchild, by his Son.*

☞ A high private of extraordinary dimensions, lumbered into the presence of General Thomas and asked for a furlough, adding, "General, I wish to go home and see my wife." "How long is it since you have seen your wife?" inquired the General. "Why," he answered, "I haven't seen my wife for over three months." "Three months!" remarked Gen. Thomas, "why, I haven't seen my wife for three years." "Well, that may be," rejoined the other, "but you see, General, me and my wife ain't o' that sort." Of course the high private got his furlough after that rub.

☞ A company in London have bought one hundred and forty acres a few miles from the city, and propose to enclose it with glass, making a climate like that of Madeira, with the fruits and foliage to be found in that isle. An hotel and residences are to be built, and great prices will be charged for a chance to live under glass.

☞ Distinguished foreigners are constantly being received at the Tuileries, and "old English friends" are much asked to dinner. What most strikes the guests is the "rapid act" to which a banquet at the Tuileries is really reduced. Every guest has a servant in waiting, and the imperial host insists that everything, including coffee and liquor, shall be over in thirty minutes—and that limit is never exceeded.

☞ More than nine thousand different kinds of animals have been changed into stone. The races of genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the earth.

☞ Our soldiers at Atlanta have a new way of spreading the Gospel. Scripture quotations are pasted upon shells and sent booming into the rebel camp. The number of conversions is not reported.

☞ Sailors who have followed the sea for years, say that they can tell when they are in the vicinity of Long Island—by the Sound.

☞ DEPRAVED TASTE.—The small gentleman who indulged so freely in biting cayenne, has taken to swallowing affronts.

### About Army Signals.

A correspondent writes from Sheridan's army to the Cincinnati Commercial, the following description of the duties of signal officers, and their manner of working:—

This most interesting and useful arm of the service is, perhaps, less heard of by the public than any other, and its invaluable labors, as well as its frequent imminent perils are alike unrecorded, and therefore unappreciated. The signal officer who would bring late and full news to the commanding general, must undergo not a little fatigue and hardship. He must climb high trees to watch the enemy; he must penetrate through tangled thickets and forests, in search of eligible stations; he must climb the sides of steep and rugged mountains—and his bright and showy flag never fails to attract the rebel sharpshooter's fire when he is in reach—to observe the enemy.

When once a station is established, his flag must never droop by day, nor his torch grow dim by night, till he has orders from his chief to abandon the post for a new one. And yet so great is the mystery with which he must enshroud his art, so profoundly secret must he keep the weighty messages and orders confided to him, and so silent are its operations, that the world, and even the army know little about him. He alone is proof against the wiles of those "universal, walking interrogation points," the correspondents, though he, above all others, is the man whom they would delight to "use." But he has his reward for all this. In the clear, upper air where he dwells, he sees, as with a hawk's eye, the whole great drama played out beneath him; he sees the long lines of men deployed through the valleys, and knows where they go, and why; his eyes feast upon the field of battle, where the columns of attack rush impetuously down a wooded slope, across an open field, and up into another piece of woods, and all is clear to him and intelligible, while to others, who must grovel on the ground, there is nothing but an exasperating muddle.

Signal stations are of two kinds—reflecting stations, and stations of observation; the former for transmitting despatches, the latter for watching the enemy and communicating the results to the commander. Both are constructed on the same principles, and employ the same instruments. The latter are few and simple. The flag is made of different colors, to contrast with the line of the background, white, black or red. The one usually employed is but four feet square; for the largest distance it is made six feet square, and mounted on a third joint of staff to give it wider range. The marine glass is used for scanning the horizon rapidly, and making general observations; the telescope for reading signals at a great distance, and observing fixed points minutely. Besides these, there is a certain mysterious pasteboard disc, stamped with a circle of figures, and a sliding interior one of letters corresponding to each. This is the key and clue of the whole matter, and to the uninitiated is of course impenetrable.

When a message is about to be sent, the flagman takes his station upon some elevated object, and "calls" the station with which he desires to communicate by waving the flag or torch slowly to and fro. The operator seated at the glass watches closely the distant flag, and as soon as it responds by dipping, he is ready to send his dispatch. Holding the written message before him, he calls out to the flagman certain numbers, each figure or combination of figures standing for a letter. The flagman indicates each separate letter by an ingenious combination of a few very simple motions. For instance, one stroke of the flag from a perpendicular to a right horizontal, indicates one figure; a stroke to the left horizontal indicates another; a stroke executing a half circle another, &c. After each motion indicating a figure, the flag returns always to a perpendicular. There are a few syllables which are indicated by a single stroke of the flag; otherwise the word must be spelled out letter by letter. Experienced signal officers, however, use many abbreviations by omitting vowels, &c., so that scarcely a single word, except a very unused one, is spelled out in full.

When a message is being received, the operator sits at the glass, with the flagman near to record it. This the operator then interprets, for not even the general himself is in the secret, and by supplying the omitted vowels, &c., makes out an intelligible piece of the king's English.

The rapidity with which all this is executed by experienced operators is astonishing. The flag is kept in such rapid motion that the eye of the inexpert can hardly follow, and his wonder is increased by being told that the reader, of whom he cannot see the slightest indication with his naked eye, is ten or twelve miles away. An ordinary message of a few lines is dispatched in ten minutes; a whole page of foolscap occupies thirty minutes in transmission. Officers who have long worked together, and are intimately acquainted with each other's abbreviations and peculiar expressions, can improve even upon this speed.

The distance also through which signals can be transmitted, without an intermediate station, is surprising. Last spring, Captain Leonard, chief signal officer of the Fourth Corps, sent dispatches regularly from Ringgold to Summerville, on Lookout Mountain, a distance of eighteen miles. Lieutenant William Reynolds, formerly of the Tenth Corps, signalled from the deck of a gunboat twenty miles into Port Royal harbor. N. Daniels was sent by the Secretary of War to Maryland Heights to give information of the enemy's movements, and he succeeded in sending messages rapidly over the extraordinary distance of twenty-four miles—from the Heights to Sugar Loaf Mountain—four miles from Frederick. But these instances require remarkably favorable conditions of the atmosphere, locality, &c. Ordinarily messages are not sent a greater distance than six or eight miles.

Last night a despatch was received from General Schofield's department to Lost Mountain, a distance of six miles, and returned to General Hooker's quarters, directly over which it had passed going out, and a message returned to General Schofield in twenty minutes from the time the inquiry left him. General Hooker is one mile from General Schofield, and directly between him and the mountain, but an intervening forest prevents direct communication.

You need not hesitate to publish the above for fear of giving "aid and comfort" to the rebels. Not even the flagmen themselves have the slightest knowledge of the import of the message they are sending, not a general in the army is let into the secret, unless he comes humbly as a student, nor can the signal officers themselves read the messages sent to them, unless they have first had the countersign or key given them daily.

### An Explanation of Very Common Military Terms.

We read in the letters of the correspondents from all our armies about lines of "abattis," and "works," and "second lines," but those gentlemen, knowing well what these affairs are, take for granted their readers know also, and never vouchsafe to explain. Now, a line of works, good, unsophisticated reader, consists of logs or rails, piled up about the height of an ordinary four-railed civilized fence. On this side is cut a ditch about three feet wide and the same in depth. The earth is thrown upon this fence until it becomes a compact, extended embankment or line. Standing in the ditch, you would be fully as safe from all manner of dangerous missiles as you now are at home. Balls may occasionally whistle z-z-z-zip over you, and hit men some distance behind the works, especially if the enemy hold high ground, but you, behind the friendly pile of earth, will feel perfectly safe. Slits are cut in these embankments wherever the cannon are stationed. Outside of these works there are often felled trees or "abattis," so placed as to make it impossible for cavalry to ride over or infantry to charge through them. When the attempt is made, as it has been often on both sides during the war, hundreds of the attacking party are slain by those behind the breastworks, whose aim in such cases is as certain, by the nearness of the foe, as their own persons are secure by the protection of the works.

These works are what are called the "second lines," and are always the strongest because they are made refuges in case "first lines" are carried. "First lines" are usually occupied in force, but are of a less formidable character to assailants. They are generally—that is, when circumstances allow—from a half to three-quarters of a mile in advance of the second lines. Still further on, as near as the enemy will suffer, skirmishers are entrenching themselves. They do not form a long line, but are stationed here and there in little breastworks and trenches of their own, which are designated as "rifle-pits." The occupant of each of these is expected to keep up a constant fire on the inimical pit-dweller in his front or those within range, and his work is called "sharp-shooting." In the first lines the bulk of the army generally repose, relieved now and then by the "reserves" in the second lines. If artillery is used, and it generally is when armies thus confront each other, "bomb-proofs" protect the soldiers. These are nothing more than holes dug at the base of the works, and shaded by tent-flies. It is almost impossible for a ball to enter them, except where the enemy occupy elevated positions. In such cases the hole is roofed by immense logs superposed against the edge of the hole and the side of the embankment. These may be struck, but the occupants rarely suffer by the concussion. If, as is often the case—is now indeed, in front of Petersburg, and was in front of Atlanta—the duty of skirmishing is impossible on some parts of the lines because of their exceeding closeness, the earthworks themselves shelter the sharp-shooters, and little holes are punched through the earth and rails for their operations. The circuit of range is increased by making the hole in the form of a funnel with the sides bent towards each other, the small end inwards.

"Mines" have already been fully explained in these columns. "Parallels" and "zig-zags" are nothing but earthworks modified in position. If an uncovered advance is not too hazardous, line after line is built towards the point to be taken, each line sometimes only a few feet ahead and parallel with the last. This course seems to have been pursued by Granger in his operations against Fort Morgan. But if the enemy are alert, advances must be made either as Price made his against Lexington, by rolling our fortifications before us, or by running parallel or cross lines, say to the left, for instance, at very acute angles from our works, and then other lines from these lines to the right, joining the parallel lines to the left. The result is, as the reader will see if he takes the trouble to draw a diagram from this description, a serrated line, dignified in military parlance as a "zig-zag." He will see, also, that the working parties throwing up these lines have almost a perfect immunity from danger, since their shovels make to them a strong protection every foot they advance. The position of the enemy will modify the angles of departure from our works, of which we have just spoken. By means of these zig-zags, as at Vicksburg, Grant and Pemberton approached so near each other that at particular points the men on each side could almost cross bayonets, especially where the angles of the rebel zig-zag were opposite the angles of our zig-zags.

There are other terms, but their use is neither common nor general, and do not require illustration. We have given enough, we think, to make many future siege and battle-descriptions more intelligible than the hundreds in the past.

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Swimming Baths in Paris.—Among the most agreeable occupations and pastimes of the summer is the learning or practising swimming in the numerous swimming establishments which stud the river from Bercy to the Pont de Jena. The swimming-baths of the Seine, both for ladies and gentlemen, are invaded from an early hour, and so great and constant is the influx of amateurs, that tickets are issued by which your turn is secured, and even then it is necessary to arrive early to avail yourself of your number. It is astonishing how many girls in France learn to swim, compared with what is the case in England; and one cannot sufficiently recommend our own countrywomen, who may not have opportunities of doing so at home, to take advantage of a visit to Paris in the months of August and mid-September, to enjoy the well-arranged swimming baths of our capital, and the lessons of the head bathers stationed in each of these establishments. The utmost cleanliness, order, and decorum are observable in these moveable baths, and every inducement is offered to learn and practice this healthy exercise. So highly does the French Government think of the effects, in a sanitary point of view, that swimming-baths for soldiers have recently been opened on four different points of the river, and the use of the exercise is rigorously enforced on the French troops stationed in and about the metropolis.

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The Fashions.—"The fashion" for coat and pantaloons, at present, consists in wholly contradicting Nature's outline for beauty. A man is not a successful dandy unless he is baggy about the hips, close-collared about neck and chest, big-sleeved and flat-hatted—every one of which point, in a costume, is a misrepresentation of a standard point of the ideal. Male beauty, which (we are artistically taught) consists particularly in breadth at the shoulders and narrowness at the hips and waist, is, thus painfully disfigured.

### Sherman's Account of the Capture of Atlanta.

Louisville, Sept. 8.—In answer to a request that Major-General Sherman would give us details of his late operations before Atlanta, in order to silence the cavils of those who, in the absence of particulars, were denying that those operations were on the whole a success, we have received the following:—

Atlanta, Sept. 7th, 1864.—On the 25th of August, pursuant to a plan of which the War Department had been fully advised, I left the Twentieth Corps at the Chattahoochee bridge, and with the balance of the army I drew off from the siege, and using some considerable artifice to mislead the enemy, I moved rapidly south and reached the West Point Railroad, near Fairborn, on the 27th, and broke up twelve miles of it. When moving east my right approached the Macon Railroad near Jonesboro' and my left near Rough and Ready.

The enemy attacked the right wing of the army of the Tennessee and was completely beaten, on the 1st, and during the combat I pushed the left of the centre rapidly on the railroad above and between Rough and Ready and Jonesboro'.

On the 1st of September we broke up about eight miles of the Macon road and turned on the enemy at Jonesboro', assaulted him and his lines, and carried them, capturing Brigadier-General Gorman and about two thousand prisoners, with eight guns and much plunder.

Night alone prevented our capturing all of Hardee's Corps, which escaped south that night.

The same night, Hood, in Atlanta, finding all his railroads broken and in our possession, blew up his ammunition, 7 locomotives and 80 cars, and evacuated Atlanta, which, on the next day, September 2nd, was occupied by the corps left for that purpose, Major-General Slocum, commanding, we following the retreat of the rebel army to near Lovejoy's Station, thirty miles south of Atlanta, where, finding it would not pay to assault, as we had already the great object of the campaign, viz: Atlanta, the army gradually and leisurely returned to Atlanta, and it is now encamped eight miles south of the city, and to-morrow will move to the camps appointed.

I am now writing in Atlanta, so I could not be uneasy in regard to our position. We have as the result of this quick, and, as I think, well executed movement, twenty-seven guns, over three thousand prisoners, and have buried over four hundred rebel dead, and left as many wounded who could not be removed.

The rebels have lost, besides the important city of Atlanta, and stores, at least 500 dead, 2,500 wounded, and 3,000 prisoners, whereas our aggregate loss will not foot up 1,500. If that is not success, I don't know what is.

(Signed) Wm. T. Sherman, Maj.-Gen.

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### Grisi in London.

A London paper says:—Grisi, whose farewells are intermittent, and who is always exclaiming like Lind, "Parting is such sweet sorrow," appeared again for this "occasion only" in her great, and as yet unrivalled, part of Norma in the first act of that Druidical work. The house was crammed, the stalls exhibiting an unusual muster of bald heads, and grey-haired opera frequenters, with dainty dowagers, whose faces were familiar in times of old. The Grisi-ites, in short, were in full force, overpowered with excitement at the return of their pet prima donna; and Tietjens, Giuglini, and other leading artists of Her Majesty's were also seen eagerly gazing upon the singer, whose power and beauty of voice, whose histrionic genius, and whose personal charms had, for more than a quarter of a century, held two great capitals, Paris and London, in complete subjection. Grisi outlived, and in many instances outsang all the competitors of her youth; and even in the last years of her extraordinary professional career, distanced many aspirants who had ventured to dispute her supremacy. In listening to her on Wednesday night it was Rome in ruins, it is true, but still grand, imposing, and soul-stirring, awakening the memories of the past, when the lovely Giulia was in her apogee, and still indicating that once a queen always a queen, once an artist always an artist. Her denunciation of the faithless Pollio was as fierce and overwhelming as ever. Her passages of tenderness with Adalgisa yet exhibited those mezza voice qualities with which she so delighted auditors of by-gone days. What a reception! What an ovation! What showers of wreaths and bouquets, handed, and not thrown, by the occupants of boxes nearest to the stage. The English public are after all grateful for the past; they cling to their favorites with the fondest affection; and even the sternest amateurs who sighed and wished that their impressions of Grisi's prime had been left undisturbed, were carried away by the predominant enthusiasm.

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☞ An ingenious Frenchman has invented a sleeping cage for the emperor, which is to the slight a mosquito netting, but in reality a thin gauze wire covering to the bed. When once inside of it, by turning a crank the emperor can make this netting a powerful magnetic battery, sufficiently strong to knock any one down who touches it from the outside.

☞ During the late visit of the rebels to Hagerstown, Md., they proceeded to the county jail and released therefrom Park Cramer, who was confined there for deliberately shooting Victor Wright, during a quarrel between the parties about a woman kept by the latter. When the rebels left Hagerstown they took Cramer with them, but on reaching Williamsport he deserted them and returned to Hagerstown, where he presented himself at the jail to the county sheriff, and asked to be recommitted, asserting that he would "be d—d if he would go with such a set of infernal cut-throats." Cramer was accordingly assigned to his old quarters, and in November will be tried upon the charge of murder.

☞ The Moslem-ites have long ago decided that the Koran *prohibits portrait-painting*, not from any apprehension of idolatry, but because a certain amount of particles were necessarily abstracted from the sitter during the process. Here is a slight but yet forbidden diminution of the image of Alah on the human being—the complete form being necessary to predestination. But, in the newly introduced art of *photography* it is decided (by the Hadji Abdel-Kader, who has issued a formal proclamation from Damascus to "the faithful," for their guidance in this important particular,) that the action of the sun on the countenance or figure does not in any way filch from the substance of the individual, and, therefore, it is allowable that the solar beams should be left to operate in accordance with natural laws.

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☞ Save Your Old Papers.—Persons who wish to have the price of newspapers reduced can do much toward accomplishing that object by saving their papers. They will now sell for eight cents per pound for paper stock. Grocers are also paying at the rate of eighty cents per hundred (eight mills each) for old papers to be used for wrapping purposes. By saving and selling their papers, therefore, people will not only reduce the cost of white paper, but be well paid for their trouble by the amount received for them. Newspapers at eight cents per pound are very dear kindling-stuff.

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### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is firm. About 8000 bbls Flour have been taken at $11,50@12 for extras, $12@13 for extra family and fancy brands, and superfine at from $10,25 to $11,25 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet.

GRAIN.—Wheat comes forward slowly. Sales 30,000 bush at 248@255c for old Pennsylvania and Western reds; 265@270c for new do; 265@270c for Southern red, and 290@300 cents for white, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is selling at 183@190c for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales some 25,000 bush at 171@172c for western mixed, and 173c for yellow. Oats—About 21,000 bush sold at 88@90c for new Southern, and 90@92c for Pennsylvania, the latter rate for old and new mixed.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little doing. Mess Pork is selling at $41@43 ₩ bbl. Beef is steady at $30@30 ₩ bbl for country and city packed. Hams move off slowly at 20@22c for plain and fancy cured. Shoulders and Sides are held above the views of buyers, with sales of the former to note at 18@20c. Of Green Meats some large sales of salt Shoulders are reported, part private and part at 18c ₩ lb. Lard is firm at 24@25c for tierce, and 26c for kegs. Butter is less active at 42@46c for fair to prime Western and Penna packed, and 55@56c for New York state. Cheese is selling at 22@23c for fair to prime dairies. Eggs are worth 23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The stocks and receipts are light with a few small sales only to note at 180@185c for middling quality, cash.

ASHES are quiet, and prices firm.

BARK.—Quercitron has fallen off, and 1st No 1 is offered at $51 ₩ ton and dull.

BEESWAX is held at 32@35c ₩ lb.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly. The markets east are very dull and prices unsettled.

COFFEE continues dull. Sales of Rio at 50@52c, Laguayra at 50, and St. Domingo at 44c ₩ lb, cash and time.

FEATHERS are dull and Western are held at 95c ₩ lb.

FRUIT.—Peaches is unsettled and rather higher, ranging at from 50 to 150c ₩ basket.

HAY is rather more inquired for at $30 ₩ ton.

HOPS are firm at 35@40c ₩ ton.

IRON.—The market is rather quiet, and without any material change to note, and very little Pig Metal offering or selling. Prices range at $67@73c, cash, for the three numbers of Anthracite. Scotch Pig is unchanged, and prices are nominal at $76@77. Of Blooms and Boiler Plates not much doing. For manufactured Iron the demand is less active and the market steady.

LUMBER is unchanged, with moderate receipts and sales at $30@34 for White Pine, and $37@38 for Yellow Sap Boards. Laths are selling at $2,75@3 from the yards. White Pine Shingles are steady at $20,25 ₩ M.

PLASTER meets with ready sale at $5,75 ₩ ton.

RICE.—Rangoon is held at 16@16½c ₩ lb.

SEEDS.—There is rather more doing in Cloverseed, and new seed is selling in lots on arrival $13½@14 ₩ bus. Timothy is selling within the range of $6@6,50 ₩ bus, the latter for prime. Flaxseed is in request at $3,65@3,70 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin continue neglected and dull, and N. E. Rum is very quiet at $2,20. Whiskey is unsettled and drooping, barrels selling in a small way only at 185@188c for refilled and prime Western.

SUGAR.—The market is quiet, sales of 700 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note at 20½@20¾c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is quiet at 19½c for city.

WOOL.—The market is quiet but firm, at about previous rates, with a moderate business only to note at 115@120c for Fleece, and 125@130c for tub.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2600 head. The prices realized from $10 to 16 ₩ 100 lbs. 1200 Hogs at from $15,50 to 17,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5300 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8 cts ₩ lb. 130 Cows brought from $25 to 35 ₩ head.

---

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

I have used with great success in my family, in cases of colds and coughs, and also had the happiness to see my son immediately relieved of distressing dysentery, and completely cured in a few days.

WARD C. COPELAND.

Brown's Bronchial Troches, when allowed to dissolve in the mouth, have a *direct* influence to the affected parts; the soothing effect to the mucous lining of the windpipe allays Pulmonary irritation and gives relief in Coughs, Colds, and the various Throat affections to which public speakers and singers are liable.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Nov. 5th, 1863, by the Rev. J. H. Chaplin, Capt. William Blood, to Miss Millie Green, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John P. Chaplain, Mr. Robert D. Taylor, to Miss Anna M. McClaran, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, D. D., Edmund Taylor, to Miss Anna M. Lewis, both of this city.

On the 27th of Aug., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William Haines, to Miss Mary A. Grace, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the same, Mr. Hiram O. Kirk, to Miss Mary Ann Detwiler, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. John P. Little, to Miss Almira Roberts, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Maxwill, Mr. Franklin B. Ames, to Miss Sallie A. Stevenson, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. S. Perkins, Mr. Theodore Douglass, of Bristol, to Miss Susan K. Whittaker, daughter of the late Geo. Whittaker, of Philada.

On the 21st of Aug., by the Rev. Mr. Crane, Pastor, Capt. H. A. Kelly, of this city, to Miss M. A. T. Maxwell, of New York.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Thomas Wilson, in his 50th year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. Lemuel T. Kollock, aged 21 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Catharine Stewart, in her 70th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. Charles Payne, in his 50th year.

On the 4th instant, George Orme, aged 41 years.

On the 6th instant, John Penrose, Sr., in his 67th year.

On the 4th instant, at the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, John Rich, of Co F, 51st N. Y. reg't.

On the 3d instant Robert Orr, in his 69th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Matilda Cooper, wife of Dr. Frederick A. Martin, in her 50th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs Elizabeth Dickinson, in her 44th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. Rachel Jenkins, in her 79th year.

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EYRE & LANDELL OPEN TO-DAY NEW GOODS FOR FALL OF 1864

5,000 New Shawls.
Richest New Silks.
Richest Figured Merinoes.
Novelties in Dress Goods
New Goods Daily Opening. mar12-1y

Dr. Hebbard, the medical explorer, announced in a lecture in Boston the other evening, that chloride of hydrogen scattered from an altitude of two hundred feet to the windward of an army would annihilate it a very brief period. Suppose the Doctor selects his position to the windward of some of the rebel armies, and begins to scatter.

Awful Cannibalism.—A British officer in New Zealand writing home about the Maori war, says: "The whole Christian population is in a *stew!*"

A minister having remarked in the presence of Dr. South, that the "Lord has no need of man's learning," that witty divine replied, "still less has he need of man's ignorance."

A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, reads as follows:—"The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of *another* quack just opposite."

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA.—Session of 1864-5 begins OCTOBER 10.

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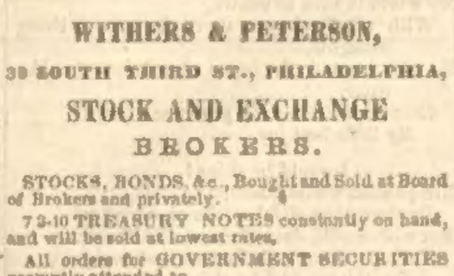


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The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

It is a National Savings Bank, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security.* Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it *cannot* pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes or bonds payable in government paper.

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In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than *nine per cent. premium*, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

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But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation.* On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### The Actor and the Ferryman.

Kean, who had run the gauntlet of the country round, who had eaten fire at a country fair for a few pence, and had, urged on by necessity, enacted all the feats of a clown in the circus, to the admiration of a boor in a barn, for a mug of ale and a littering down of straw for the night, had so frequently pressed the hand of penury that he became quite familiar to the touch, and social with its squalidness. About two years before his first appearance at Drury Lane, he was successful enough, as he then thought, to obtain an engagement at the Haymarket, under the management of Morris; fortune smiled upon him; forty shillings a week was the temptation of affluence. It so happened that at the time when he had to enter upon this engagement, he was *starring* in a little village in Essex, and had to make his way to London in the best way he could, by picking up on his way what he could tempt from the clodhopper by nightly exhibitions. Kean, unsuccessful as ever, came to the Lea River, which divides the counties of Essex and Middlesex, and found himself destitute of even *one penny* to pay the ferry over; the appearance of the Charon of the ferry was stern and forbidding, and the tragedian was dismayed from soliciting a free passage. So he stripped, and, making a bundle of his clothes, tied them on his head, and dashed into the water. Charon, on seeing this, called out to his dog, lying quietly at the bottom of the boat—

"Here, Growler, seize him!"

At the word, the dog dashed into the river, and, without ceremony, conducted poor Kean to the shore which he had just left, and depositing him there, returned to his master. Kean, watching his opportunity, again essayed into the stream; but, as before, the dog returned at his owner's bidding, and he was once more reconducted back. Upon this our tragedian angrily remonstrated with the ferryman, who coolly replied—

"I rents this here ferry, and am not going to be cheated by the likes of you; so I keeps my dog there, old Growler, to be on the lookout.

Kean was in the highest state of exasperation, but all argument was in vain. At length, confessing his poverty, the ferryman exclaimed,

"What! aren't got a penny! why didn't you say so? So you've been giving me all this here trouble for nothing! Here, jump in; dress yourself, and be blamed to you!"

Kean did so, was ferried over, and the churlish ferryman, addressing him, said—

"You're a pretty sort of chap, to be travelling about without a penny in your pocket, ain't you?" and putting a shilling in his hand, he bid him good-by.

From this exploit Kean caught a fever and ague, which negatived his efforts at the Haymarket.

### Brains.

An American sloop-of-war had put into an English port, and the first-lieutenant went ashore to reconnoitre. In the course of his travels he encountered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," said one, "you belong to the United States, I see?"

"Right," was the answer.

"Now what would you say to a man who should say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for a gunboat?" continued the Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out," returned the lieutenant, with great coolness.

There was silence among her Majesty's servants for a moment; finally one of them, more muddled than the rest, managed to stammer out—

"W-well, Yank, I—I say it."

The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly—

"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have no brains to blow out."

Struck by the dignity of the answer, the offender at once apologized, and our hero was invited to join the mess.

A Big Jon.—A good story is told of an officer in the American army, during the war of 1812-14, who was, and is still more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kannads, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men and proceed to a place named, and take the two *Canadas*. The order was peremptory and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than *one* of the provinces *without a reinforcement*.

Absence of Mind.—The Lowell Journal gives an account of a rich scene that occurred in one of the Lowell hotels recently. A lodger, who had been on a spree the previous evening, arose in the morning and rung the bell violently. Boots appeared. "Where are my pants? I locked my door last night, and somebody has stolen them?" Boots was green, and a little terrified. He left, however, struck with a sudden thought, and returned with the identical pants. The landlord was called to receive complaint against Boots; but he made it evident that the man had put out his pantaloons to be blacked instead of his boots. The lodger left in the first train.

A Child's Reason.—The following is from the last annual report of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia:—

"Not long since, a reply, made in all sincerity, and yet so strange and unexpected from so little a fellow, provoked a smile which we could not repress, although the occasion was a solemn one. We had been trying to impress the great importance of telling the truth and the great evil of lying upon the children. The remarks were pointed; for a mother had told us that her little son had been guilty of falsehood. After showing how great sin was, we said that we hoped no one in the school had been guilty of it. The boy, before restless and uneasy, could refrain no longer, but before the whole school acknowledged that he had told a lie. We felt badly, but tried to admonish him. On asking him what made him do so wickedly, he replied, while weeping bitterly, 'I lost my front tooth, and couldn't help it!' Let us all take care of our front teeth!"

LIFE IN INDIA.

India is all very well in its way—but it is no joke, on rising to the surface, after taking a header, to find a lively hippopotamus as your companion of the bath.

### I WOULD BE THINE.

I would be thine!
Ah, not to learn the anguish
Of being first a deity enshrined,
Then when the fever fit is passed, to languish,
Stripped of each grace that fancy round me twined;
Not such the lot I crave.

I would be thine!
Not in light sunny weather
A summer atmosphere to breathe,
But fear and tremble when the storm clouds gather,
And shrink life's unrelenting frown beneath,
Failing when needed most.

I would be thine!
To lose all selfish feeling
In the sole thought of the far dearer one—
To study every look thy will revealing,
To make thy voice's ever varying tone
The music of my heart.

I would be thine!
When sickness should oppress thee,
With love's unwearied vigilance to watch,
Waking, to soothe, to comfort, to caress thee—
Sleeping, to list in dread, each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine!
When vexed by worldly crosses
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,
To stay thee 'neath thy burden and thy losses—
By showing thee how deeply thou art dear,
Most so in thy distress.

I would be thine!
Gently and unreplying
To bear with thee when chafed and spirit worn,
The hasty word, the quick reproach denying
But by the soft submission which is born
Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine!
My world in thee to centre,
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and living thoughts,
No wish beyond the home where *thou* shouldst enter,
Ever anew to find *thy* presence brought
My life's best joy.

I would be thine!
Not passion's wild emotion
To show thee, fitful as the changing wind,
But with a still, deep, fervent life devotion,
To be to thee the helpmeet God designed,
For *this* would I be thine.

### A Soldier in Luck—Romantic Story.

The Detroit Free Press tells the following story:—

At the first battle of Bull Run there was a soldier by the name of Wilson, who, like many others on that memorable occasion, straggled away from his command. After walking, or rather running, for several hours he became very much fatigued, and after taking good precautions that there were no rebels either within sound or sight, he lay down to sleep by the side of a fence and slept sweetly and soundly during the night.

Late in the morning, when the sun was near midnoon, he woke to find himself in a strange land, and perhaps among the bitterest enemies of the country. But the demand of hunger soon silenced the voice of prudence and caution. Seeing a mansion on a hill in the distance, surrounded by parks and meadows, orchards and evergreens, artificial fountains, and natural streams of clear running water, in fact everything to show that it was one of the first-class old Virginia plantations, the home of courtly elegance and refinement, our soldier, tired with a weary step and fainting, famishing heart, knocked at the door of the mansion. He was cordially received, for the old Virginia planter was faithful among the faithful few. He remained long enough to recruit his wasted energies and get information as to the most direct route to Washington.

But the name of the young soldier was not forgotten by the planter, nor his manly bearing and genial temperament. The soldier re-enlisted in another regiment, and at the second battle of Bull Run was severely though not dangerously wounded. He was taken to the hospital at Washington. His old Virginia friend learned of his illness. He sent to the hospital and obtained an order for permission to take him to his own home. He was removed, when through the kindness of the planter and the attention of his daughter, the young man gradually recovered.

A tender regard sprung up between the young lady and the young soldier, and to cut very short the turn the story in such cases made and provided usually takes, they were betrothed. The soldier returned to his Northern home on furlough. While here he learned of the sudden and severe indisposition of her who was soon to become his bride. He hastened to her side and buried her corpse. The old man before many weeks had elapsed told the young man that he intended to make him his heir, that he had no children left, and no relatives, except those who were in rebellion, and that he should now share with him his estates. He at once gave him a deed to a considerable property in Chicago.

The young man a few weeks since visited that modern miracle and Babylon combined, and found that his little Chicago property would realize the handsome sum of $200,000, being offered $100,000 for a single block to which he had fallen heir to. But this is not all in the strange and eventful story. The old man has but recently died, leaving all his fortune to this young Union soldier, which is now known to be over $800,000.

Treatment of Gold Fish.—In cases where fish are kept in vessels in rooms, &c., they should be kept in spring water. The water will require to be changed according to the size of the vessel or the number of fish kept therein, but it is not well to change the water too often. A vessel that will hold a common-sized pail of water, two fish may be kept in by changing the water once a fortnight, and so on, in proportion. If any food is supplied them, it should be a few crumbs of bread dropped in the water once or twice a week.

☞ The Past.—In many disguisings the past still lingers around us! The dead past! It is *not* dead; it lives in the flower, the fountain, and the bow.

## AGRICULTURAL.

Hops Good for Vines.—When I resided at a village named Milford, near Christchurch, on the Hampshire coast, I possessed a vine trained against a wall in my garden, which had for three successive years borne an abundance of fruit of the *fontinac* kind. During the month of November of the third year, the neighborhood was visited by a heavy gale of wind, which raised the tide of the adjacent estuary to so extravagant an extent, that the saline water inundated my grounds and laid the vine two feet under its presence. I observed that for two years following the tree yielded no fruit whatever, and on naming the fact to a friend, who happened to call upon me, he advised me to take the opportunity, after my next task of brewing, to introduce the hops when they had undergone the process of boiling to the root of the vine. This step I followed, excavating a hollow around the roots of the tree, and filling it up with the hops, covering the earth over the whole. The ensuing year, the tree became restored to its pristine prolific character, and bore a wonderful crop of fruit, which ripened into maturity.—*Rusticus.*

Preservation of Fruit.—At the Russian Court fruit is preserved by being packed in creosotized lime. The lime is slacked in water in which a little creosote has been dissolved, and is allowed to fall to powder. The bottom of a plain deal box is covered with it one inch high, and over it is a sheet of paper. Upon this the fruit, well selected and cleansed, is arranged; over this another sheet of paper, and on top of this another such stratum of prepared lime; in the corners a little finely-powdered charcoal is put. The whole box is then filled in the same manner, and the well-fitting lid nailed down. Fruit kept in this manner will remain intact at least one year.

Water and Fat.—M. Dancel, in a paper read to the Paris Academy of Sciences, has directed attention to the importance of water as a cause of obesity. He narrated two experiments—one of a lean horse, from whose diet per day three pounds of oats were subtracted, while it was provided with abundance of water, into which a pound of bran was put. In the course of twenty-seven days it increased about thirty-six pounds in weight. In the same regiment an exceedingly fat mare, that could hardly carry its rider, was reduced from an allowance of sixty litres of water per day to fifteen, and speedily lost its obesity, resuming its former vigor.

Importance of Gravel Stones for Fowls.—Reader—did you ever dissect the gizzard of a hen, turkey, goose, or duck? The gizzard and gravel stones in it serve the purpose of teeth, in reducing the food to small particles, in order to facilitate digestion. The feed is swallowed in chunks, or the grain is received into the crop unbroken. Here all such substances are softened, and passed, a little at a time, through the gizzard, which is surrounded by strong muscles; and when food is passing through it, it dilates and contracts similar to the motion of a bellows, and the food, kernels of grain, coming in contact with the gravel stones, is separated and torn to pieces. After the process is completed, the food is digested. These little mill stones, as it were, do not remain long in the gizzard; they are carried out with the food, and a new set is brought along, from the crop, to be thus ground. Now, if fowls are confined, as they often are, where they cannot have access to all the sharp gravel they need, their digestion must be imperfect, and they cannot do well, especially if fed on whole grain. Fowls need sharp gravel stones within their reach to swallow every day, and if they do not have a range, gravel should be kept by them, in their inclosures.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Drying Apples.—As this is the season, a hint to some inexperienced housewife may prove acceptable. Apples sliced thin are least apt to be touched with worms, though if fears are entertained relative to these troublesome visitors, a piece of sassafras bark placed in the bag with the fruit, is said to be a sure preventative. Apples immediately placed in the sun after cutting, are lighter in color, and more tempting to the eye, at least, than those remaining in-doors two or three hours before spreading. Some prefer one evening's dew upon them; if pared late in the day this answers well. Do not permit one apple to rot under your trees. Think of some poor far off soldier who would gladly eat the sauce that apple would make. The pig will thank you for the smallest windfall, and the "inner man" for those a trifle larger.

H. B. G.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Coffee as the French Prepare It.—In Paris the coffee is nectar compared with the beverage we in common call coffee. I was desirous to know how it was prepared, and soon learned. The French use three kinds of coffee, Mocha, Java and Rio, mixed in equal parts. The coffee before roasting is winnowed, to cleanse it of dust, etc.; it is then culled or picked over; every black or defective kernel is picked out, as well as small stones, seeds and rat droppings, which are abundant in most coffee. It is then put into tubs of clean water and well washed, then spread to dry; when dry it is ready for roasting. The coffee required is roasted daily at large establishments; while warm it is ground, and put up in glazed papers of a conical shape, holding from two ounces to half a pound, and sealed up. Gentlemen, as they leave their places of business for home and dinner, when convenient call and take the needed supply. The coffee is put into a pot or digestor in cold water, and then set over a lamp expressly for the purpose, and there heated, not boiled, but steeped; from this digestor no steam or fumes arise; when ready you have your cup of coffee. It is coffee, and a beverage delicious, health-giving, not the bitter, acrid, filthy, nauseous drug we are in the habit of partaking, and calling it coffee.—C. F. R., *in Springfield Republican.*

Brand Bread.—Take 1 pound fresh Indian meal, 1 handful salt, and make into a thin mush. When tepid, mix in 1 wine glass yeast, 2 pounds bran flour, (which may be had at the feed stores,) a tablespoonful of sugar or molasses; mix all together, and form a loaf *without kneading*. Bake in a pan ready greased, *longer* than the same quantity of wheat bread. Let it stand to rise in this greased pan, and bake. S. L.

(Rye Bread, ditto.)

Rye Bread.—Make a pot of mush with coarse yellow Indian meal—season it with salt to taste, and let it boil well for an hour, then stir in more Indian until it is quite stiff—let it cool until it is milk-warm, then add yeast enough to raise it, and knead rye flour into it, until it is a stiff dough—let it rise—when light, mould it into loaves. Let it stand till quite light again, and bake as other bread. Made into small cakes it is very good hot for breakfast.

Apple Cheese.—Take equal weights of apples and sugar; boil the sugar in water, take off the scum as it rises, and when it is clear, put the apples with some lemon-juice and peel, and boil until it is all of a proper thickness.

A Cream for Apple Cheese.—To a pint of new milk put the yolks of 2 eggs, a stick of cinnamon, a spoonful of rose-water, and the peel of a lemon; let it quite boil, and when it is cool, sweeten to your taste, and pour it over or around the cheese.

Breakfast Cakes.—Have ready 3 pounds of flour, ½ pound of butter, ¼ pound of sugar, a pint of milk, the white of 1 egg, and ¼ pint of yeast. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour, add the milk and white of egg; then beat in the yeast and set the dough, when thoroughly mixed, before the fire to rise. Roll it out into small cakes, shaped without cutting, and bake them on tins.

An Excellent Cement.—Five years ago, we applied a cement, composed of white lead paint, whiting and dry white sand, to a small tin roof that leaked like a sieve; it soon became nearly as hard as stone, has never scaled off, and has kept the roof since then perfectly tight. It was put on about the consistency of thin putty. Slater's cement for stopping leaks around chimneys is composed of linseed oil, whiting, ground glass, and some brick-dust. It is a good cement for this purpose; also for closing the joints of stone steps to houses.—*Scientific American.*

Cheap and Good Substitute for Coffee.—Take ½ peck wheat bran, and mix it with a ½ pint of molasses and ½ pint water stirred well together. It will make an adhesive compound which must be put in a large pan in a warm oven, till it is perfectly dry. If ground, and used half bran and half coffee, the nicest critic in coffee cannot detect the difference.

☞ "Bridget," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conly, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last night?" "Sure no one but me eldest brother, ma'am," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek. "Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?" "Barney Octoocan, ma'am." "Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?" "Troth, ma'am, he has been married once."

## THE RIDDLER.

### Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in great, but not in vast.
My 2d is in sail, but not in mast.
My 3d is in curve, but not in arch.
My 4th is in step, but not in march.
My 5th is in mild, but not in bland.
My 6th is in finger, but not in hand.
My 7th is in ball, but not in sphere.
My 8th is in rid, but not in clear.
My 9th is in brief, but not in short.
My 10th is in shelter, but not in port.
My 11th is in throw, but not in toss.
My 12th is in waste, but not in loss.
My 13th is in cloy, but not in fill.
My 14th is in note, but not in bill.
My 15th is in jeer, but not in mock.
My 16th is in swing, but not in rock.
My 17th is in brink, but not in verge.
My 18th is in wave, but not in surge.
My 19th is in crime, but not in sin.
My 20th is in clamor, but not in din.
My 21st is in space, but not in room.
My 22d is in sadness, but not in gloom.
My 23d is in stroke, but not in blow.
My 24th is in plant, but not in sow.
My 25th is in front, but not in van.
My 26th is in he, but not in man.
My whole is the closing sentence of a celebrated speech. M. B. ROBBINS.

*Allentown, New Jersey.*

### Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Asia.
A mountain in Europe.
A river in the United States.
A ruin in Asia Minor.
A city in Russia.
A mountain in Arabia.
A river in Africa.
A river in the United States.
A lake in the United States.

The initials form the name of one of the United States, the finals that of its capital city. EVA.

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article in common use, which nevertheless wields more power than swords.
My second is the noblest work of God.
My third is a vessel used on the sea.
My whole should become the accomplishment of every young man, as it is an object worthy of attainment. JOE. ROSS, Jr.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first brings sorrow, and grief, and pain.
My second is lord of earth's wide domain.
My whole sometimes wears an angel's face,
Though oft of an angel no other trace.

*Chebans, Iroquois Co., Ill.* O. M.

### Magic Square.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Arrange the numbers, from 1 to 36 (inclusive), in the form of a square, so that the sum of the numbers shall be the same, whether added perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally. W. A. AMBERG.

*Mineral Point, Wisconsin.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A skillful land-measurer was called upon to determine the dimensions and contents of a large four-sided tract of land. He, therefore, went to the first corner of the tract, and measured the distance from the first to the second corner, and found the first side to be 325 rods in length; he then measured the distance from the second to the third corner, and found the second side to measure 975 rods; in like manner, he found the third side to be 1464 rods in length; but when he came to the fourth corner of the tract, he discovered that he could not measure the fourth side on account of swamps and other obstructions being in the way. In order to obtain other data, he went back to the second corner of the tract, and, starting at right angles with the first side, ran direct to a large chestnut tree, known to be standing on the fourth side; but, because of the multitude of briers in this line, he did not measure the distance. He next ran direct from the chestnut tree to the third corner of the tract, and when there he found that this last line made a right angle with the third side; but, for various reasons, he did not measure the length of it.

It is required to determine, from the data above given, the fourth side of the tract, and the number of acres it contains.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find a right angled triangle, such that if the double area be subtracted from each side, the remainder shall be squares.

*Stonington, Ct.* DAVID S. HART.

☞ Artemas Martin please answer.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why is a beggar like an attorney? Ans.—Because he is a solicitor.

☞ Why do pioneers march at the head of the army? Ans.—To *axe* the way.

☞ Why is a tallow-chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men? Ans.—Because all his works are wicked and all his works are brought to light.

☞ Why is a horse who is hard rode, though never fed, unlikely to be starred? Ans.—Because he always has a bit in his mouth.

### Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—A Northern copperhead. RIDDLE—Trice—rice—ice. CHARADE—Porte-monaie (Port-money.)

Reuben Barto sends the answer which was requested of him to Walter Siverly's PROBLEM, published July 30th—A D, 47.759, B D, 40.4452, C D, 32.5945. Morgan Stevens sends the same, which agrees with the author's.

Answer to PROBLEM, by Gill Bates, same date. The water will spout 146 inches from the foot of the cylinder down the plane. Walter Siverly, 90 inches. Morgan Stevens.